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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 136.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 11, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX

The daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and a niece of the Duke of Richmond. She has spent the Spring on the beautiful Island of Capri with her father and mother, who e they have recently purchased a delightful estate

No. 136.—Vol. XI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Mlle. Adeline Genée, Première Danseuse.
Venus 1906. And Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

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"The Dictator's Daughter." By Edgar Jepson. (Cassell: 6*d.*)
"Man and Maid." By E. Nesbit. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Mave." By Randal Charlton. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"*The Car* Road Book and Guide." (*The Car Illustrated.*)

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
July 11, 1906

Father Bernard Vaughan's recent indictment, has, we imagine, made the Smart Set smart indeed.

* * *

Disappointment at the Belgian victory at Henley was keen, but the attack on Belgian methods in the Congo was a somewhat mean form of revenge for the Commons to take.

* * *

Birthdays are a mistake, according to a writer in a contemporary. But are they? asks one of the new peers.

* * *

In view of the awful disclosures concerning American cigarettes, the Poplar Guardians emphatically deny the report that they have been poisoning their guests with such tobacco. Only the best Turkish and Egyptian blends are, they inform us, provided for them.

* * *

Apropos, we understand that a Society of Poplar Warrant-holders has just been formed, and that any tradesman who unlawfully displays the Poplar arms over his shop or on his bill-heads, or who attempts to enhance the value of his wares by advertising them "as supplied to the Poplar Workhouse," without authorisation, will be instantly prosecuted.

* * *

The American Tourist Abroad
SCENE: VENICE
SHE: "Say! I do wish I understood the language!"
HE: "Blam'd if I do. I've just paid him his legal fare"

The action of a magistrate in passing sentence for disorderly conduct on a labourer who announced, through the medium of the town crier, that he proposed putting his wife up for auction, is being severely criticised in the best Whitechapel circles, as it is rightly regarded as subversive of the great doctrine that a British working-man has an inalienable right to knock down his wife whenever or however he pleases.

* * *

A correspondent protests against cyclists who carry motor horns. I protest, too. It is most annoying, after making the jump of your life, to find that you have avoided, not a 60 h.-p. Mercédès, but a mere cyclist. One has a feeling that it is a good jump utterly gone to waste; that one day the Mercédès will come along—and the jump won't be there.

* * *

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's recent refusal to appoint a Special Commission to inquire into the speed of motor-omnibuses was not, of course, due to any misapprehension of the urgency of the matter, but to the fact that all his supporters are at present fully engaged upon commissions of various kinds, and no more are likely to be available for some time.

* * *

Though it is improbable that Miss Billington will accept the offer of an enterprising music-hall manager to appear upon his boards, she says that she is gratified to know that there is at least one Empire that does not disdain her services.

* * *

The proprietors of the International Library last week engaged 1,500 sandwich men to patrol London. We trust that care was taken that no American sandwich men were employed.

* * *

The Duke of the Abruzzi has reached the highest peak of Mount Rawenzoi, and much admiration is expressed for his feat. They well deserve it.

* * *

"The Demoniac Flea," by Thomas T. Watts, is the title of a book noticed in the *New York Bookman*. We understand that this is only the first of an important series of works on insect psychology, and that "The Melancholic Moth," "The Crazy Cockroach," and "The Balmy Black-beetle," are now in active preparation.

* * *

THE LATEST PRO

(*The metre is the poet's very own.*—ED.)

Mr. Keir Hardie,
You haven't been tardy
In prefixing Pro to a new lieu.
Once a Pro-Boer, you are now a Pro-Zulu.

RACING NOTIONS: By "CARBINE"

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND ITS PENDING LAW SUIT

The Turf's Rulers in Council

The inquisitive among the rank and file of those interested in the Turf would give a great deal to know what happened at the meeting of the Jockey Club last week. That the meeting was of more than usual importance is generally believed. But the official report of the proceedings is as silent as the grave regarding what was said and done. And it is a point of honour among members of the Jockey Club to disclose not a word about their gatherings beyond the information quoted in the "Calendar." So we can only guess. There is every reason to believe that the Club had under earnest consideration the important questions which have arisen through the recent activity of the Racehorse Owners' Association. Superficially, the matter seems to be one which might be left to the owners and the racecourse officials to settle between themselves. But I entirely misjudge the Jockey Club if they allow the dispute to arrive at such a stage that the best interests of the Turf are placed in serious jeopardy. Should the proposed boycotting of certain racecourses be persisted in, I fancy that the Jockey Club will deviate from their attitude, correct enough up to the present, of strict impartiality, in order to prevent any disastrous disruption in racing affairs.

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

A Royal yearling

The filly by Persimmon out of Luscious, bred by the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, was sold to Lord Hamilton of Dalzell for 2,100 guineas at Newmarket last week

A Coming Turf Cause Celèbre

It would be safe to lay fairly substantial odds that the name of Mr. de Wend Fenton was mentioned at the Jockey Club meeting. There is pending a law suit of supreme importance to the Turf, in which he is the plaintiff. Its decision will either render the autocracy of the Jockey Club more complete than ever, or weaken it to such an extent that its future will be somewhat doubtful. Before to-day the Jockey Club has had to defend its authority in the Courts, and its dignity and power have always been upheld. But an adverse verdict in the pending action—and there is no reckoning on what a non-sporting jury will do—would be exceedingly harmful to the best interests of racing, and would at once strengthen the hands of all Turf offenders. This is not the time to comment upon the facts of Mr. de Wend Fenton's case, but it is a time in which the Jockey Club is entitled to the full and whole-hearted support of all right-thinking racing people.

At the First July Meeting

Although the racing was nothing out of the ordinary, last week's meeting behind the famous Ditch at Newmarket will be remembered as very successful. It is invariably a popular gathering with the ladies, but I doubt whether the fair sex has ever mustered quite so strongly at Newmarket as last week. In the paddock, too, one heard an extraordinary variety of languages, from French to Hungarian, and from Russian to Spanish, as it is spoken in Buenos Ayres. The reason was simple. Breeders had come from all parts of the world, not for the racing but for the sales, and they came, too, with heavy pockets and the fixed intention of taking some good stock back with them. That they carried out their determination is evidenced by the fact that the foreigners spent over £70,000 during the week. The Prince of Wales was not buying yearlings, as some people inferred, because several lots were knocked down to Lord Marcus Beresford. On the contrary, His Royal Highness was selling them, and one of his breeding, a lovely Persimmon filly, was not dear to Lord Hamilton of Dalzell at 2,100 guineas.

At Alexandra Park

Compared with headquarters, Alexandra Park is nothing more than a toy racecourse; but it enjoys the advantage of being the nearest meeting to the Metropolis, and can always count upon a big crowd. So it was on Saturday. On the whole, it was a successful afternoon for backers, for though Best Light, a strong favourite for the London Cup, was beaten into second place, the winner, Speculor, carried plenty of money. The racing this week is of rather a quiet character. On Wednesday **Red Robe** may win the Johnstone Handicap at the Bibury Club's pleasant meeting, while for the Champagne Stakes I select **Witch Elm.** I should choose **Keystone II.** without hesitation to win the Lingfield Park Plate on Friday, and in her absence I take **Black Arrow.** For the Great Foal Plate on Saturday I select **Polar Star.**

Army Polo at Hurlingham

The Final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament on Saturday

Some very interesting and exciting play was witnessed at Hurlingham when the 20th Hussars beat the 11th Hussars by 6 goals to 5. At the regulation time the score was 5-all, but after fifteen and a half minutes' extra play Mr. Dunbar made the winning goal for the 20th Hussars

Pulpit and Parasol

(*The Débutante at the 'Varsity Match*)

Really, mamma, you must stop introducing me to the clergy. You can't expect me to be at my ease in such irreligious stockings. That last curate, who, I am sure, wants to be an ascetic, went away with quite a hectic flush on his face. Perhaps my frock and figure have ruined his career. Aren't there any ordinary men about? I haven't the vaguest idea how to be nice to the Church. It's their business to be severe, and I'm only rude when I'm not cheerful. Oh dearie me, here's another. He is smiling at you, mamma, and looking at me. I hope he's a ritualist.

How d'ye do? Yes, it is a very charming scene. I love to see people walking about. You get such a much better idea of them, don't you? I beg your pardon. How long does this interval last? None of us girls would come if there was not an interval, you know. Oh yes, I'm awfully keen on cricket, but it isn't much fun watching. I should love to play—for Cambridge, not Oxford. You're Oxford, of course. I can tell that by your pronunciation. It reminds me of Abyssinian gold and split hairs. I suppose if you had not been a clergyman you would have written for the sporting papers. Where can mamma have got to?

Do you preach sermons on Sundays? I wonder what sort they are. I once robed myself with a black dressing-gown at convent, and put a white chem—a white thing over it, and harangued the girls from the foot of the bed. "He that winketh with the eye shall cause sorrow"—that was the text. I told them the best way to get a husband was to stare at the man you wanted on every possible occasion. He marries you to get away from it. If he happens to be married already, he will probably mistake you for an episode of his past life, and pay your Bridge debts. Do you think I'm too frivolous? But really I should love to hear you preach. Where is your church? In where? In Bermondsey? Oh—h! Couldn't you hold motor-car services, or something of that sort. Fifteen minutes to cool the carburetter, and only one hymn. The worst of it is that Bermondsey isn't on the road to anywhere. I shall turn it up on the map.

Now we are going to be pushed off the ground to make room for those greedy cricketers. What have you done with my mother, please? You absolutely must find her. Well, you promise faithfully not to squeeze me or try to reform me if I hide in the benches with you. Couldn't you find a nice handsome curate to sit on the other side? I generally quarrel with one man. When there are two, they quarrel about me. But clergymen don't quarrel, do they, except with the choirmaster? I should like to see one of you try to dismiss a cook. Even papa can't do that, and he's a Volunteer Colonel. I think we shall go abroad when the present one has to go, and send her an ultimatum from Biarritz. It makes the domestics very expensive.

Did you play cricket when you were young? Eh? You are still young, and you still play? You talk so slowly that I thought you were at least thirty. What's your highest score? Mine is 36, not counting a four that I hit, which was put down as byes. You—don't—mean—to—say—you—made—one hundred—and forty! Here? At Lord's? In the 'Varsity match? Oh, how frightfully ripping of you! I can't talk any more. You've quite scared me.

I say, how long did you take to make them? Weren't you tired? Did the people cheer a lot? What did your mother say? I shall certainly come and hear you preach. If a man made 140 in the 'Varsity match, he's entitled to throw stones at Society. Aren't you rather ashamed of me? I never felt so little before. Do say something frivolous and restore the balance. Ah, no! One hundred and forty shouldn't pay compliments to 36. They are bound to be insincere. Hello, here is the mother sitting behind us.

Mamma, I'm going to Bermondsey on Sunday.

B. M. H.

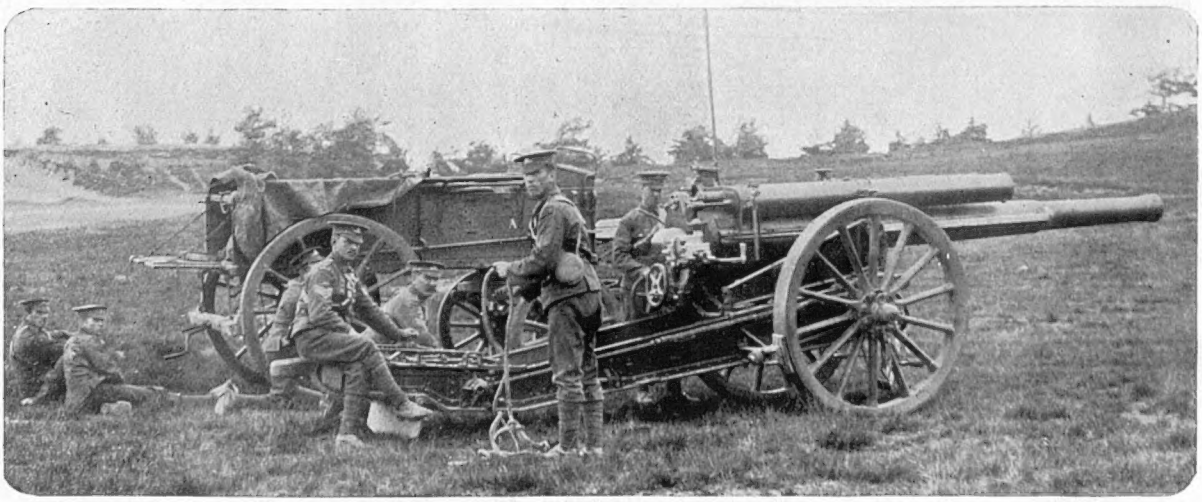
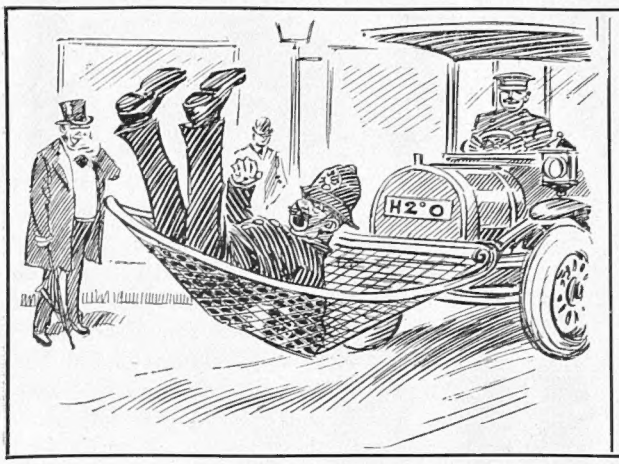


Photo *Charles Knight and Son*

The latest pattern field gun

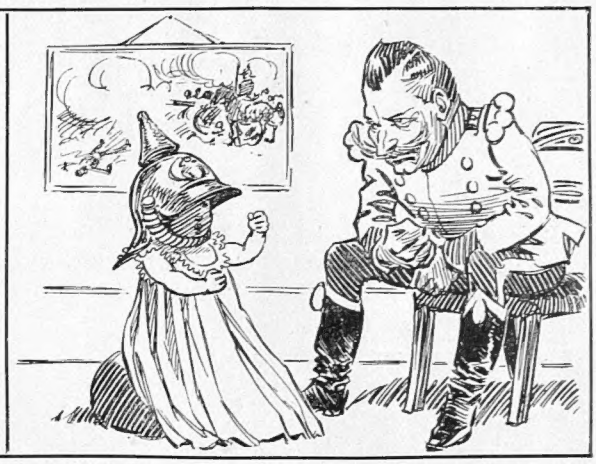
A tough load for eight powerful draught-horses, these engines of destruction have a range of 8½ miles, and weigh over 5½ tons each. For all this, however, it is claimed that they will have no difficulty in keeping up with the infantry when brought into action

The Topictator



For the Safety of the Public

The police advocate cow-catchers for motor-'buses. The idea is a good one (as also are the prospects of sport in the Strand, should it be adopted)

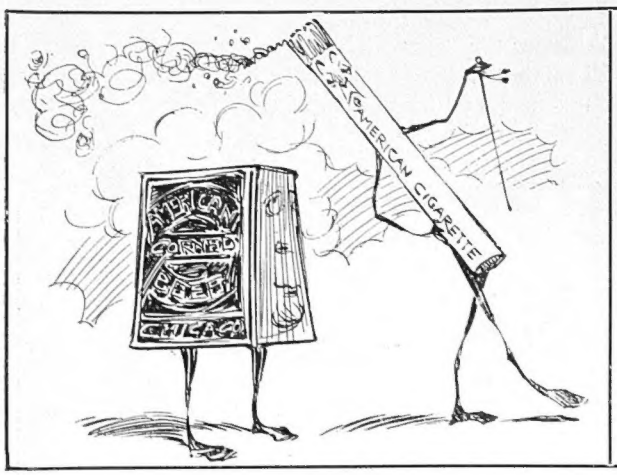


Granfer Wilhelm

We hear that little Wilhelm can already clench his fists. At this rate he will soon be able to say "Hoch!" and send telegrams, and talk about *his* immortal grandfather

In a Bad Way

JOHN BULL: "A great quantity of wood and foliage, your Grace, and very little fruit. You do well to start pruning!"



A Back Seat

(The American cigarette is a worse danger than Chicago tinned meat.—DAILY PAPER)

THE A.C.: "Pooh! my dear sir, compared with me you are comparatively harmless"

(This is, we hope, *positively the last* joke on this subject we shall print.—ED.)

Dear! Dear!

"More trouble, Bill. Listen to 'ere. This bit o' noospaper sez the price of di'monds is increasin' enormous. Terrible distressin', ain't it?"

ROUND THE TOWN

Sport v. Fatigue

It is with intense relief that I note that there is only one "sporting" event at which one is expected to turn up this week, and that is the Eton and Harrow match. Last week was really the limit, and the proverbial straw came on Saturday, when for some hours we craned our necks at Ranelagh watching the first balloon race under the Aero Club International Federation rules. Although, of course, it is all very enjoyable, no one will deny that a week which includes Newmarket, Henley, the 'Varsity match, ballooning, much polo, *and* the Chamberlain celebrations, is, to say the least of it, fatiguing. The only people who enjoy themselves at the Inter-University match are the parsons and the parsons' wives and sisters; the former because it's jolly good cricket, and they can enjoy it in retrospect and with a good conscience, so little has the father of all evil to do with the game, and the latter because it is the one excitement of their lives, which are almost as flat as their hair or their heels. All the rest of the visitors, including every single one of the pretty and otherwise sisters, are bored to the ultimate limit, as Mr. George Moore would say, and spend most of their time either going into or coming out of the stand where their seats are, unable to decide which bores them most — sitting in the stand watching the cricket, or showing themselves outside promenading round and round that dreadful cinder-path. The self-sacrifice of Society, really, when it is a question of turning up where one ought to turn up, is of such magnitude that I really think their recording angels ought to put it into the scales against their sins.

Photo *Maull and Fox*

Lord Mowbray

Who lays claim, before the Lords, to the Earldom of Norfolk against the Duke of Norfolk, who at present holds the title

Affability and Adaptability

Up in Birmingham, of course, on Saturday, the excitement was simply terrific. Friends (and some of the foes, too) joined together to wish the affable and adaptable Mr. Chamberlain many very happy returns of the day, and wished it with such whole-souled fervour that many patriotic souls regretted they were alive on Sunday morning. As for Mr. Chamberlain himself, I rather disagree with Sir Oliver Lodge, who said the other day that the Birmingham University was the crown of his (Mr. Chamberlain's) life, after last Saturday, when the overwhelming proof of his popularity in the people's eyes was made so evident, for it is this affection and trust which the people put in him which is the crown Mr. Chamberlain is proudest of. Adaptability and affability, indeed, are the great Fiscal Reform leader's watchwords, and, as a talkative chauffeur, hailing from Birmingham, said to me the other day, "'e'll stand and talk with anyone at the street corner, 'e will," though, perhaps, the affable part of the gentleman is not quite so much to the fore when he is sitting, with eyes half closed, ready to spring, on the Front Opposition Bench!

* * *

The Next Birmingham Celebration

The next event of importance in the Chamberlain family will be the marriage of "Mr. Austen," who, with his fiancée, Miss Dundas, occupied the second car in the triumphal progress round the city. I believe that the citizens of Birmingham will make the most of the wedding of the son of the man they delight to honour.

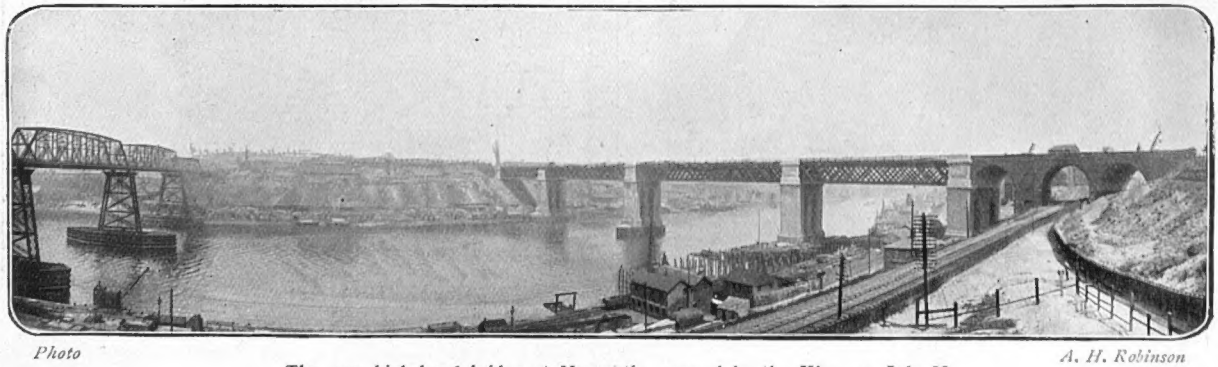


Photo *A. H. Robinson*

The new high-level bridge at Newcastle, opened by the King on July 10

Though, perhaps, not a thing of beauty, the new bridge is a great acquisition to the city as an extra means of transit. The original high-level bridge was opened by Queen Victoria fifty-seven years ago

The Chamberlain Birthday

Social Lawn Tennis at Wimbledon

It is, I know, the fashion to speak of lawn tennis and Wimbledon as quite outside the pale of smart social doings. Several visits during the last two weeks to that suburban club, however, convinced me that, though sport is certainly first, the social element—and a smart one, too—comes a very good second, a proof of this lying in the fact that any amount of women, exquisitely turned out, motored down to Wimbledon, not because they cared at all for lawn tennis, but because it was quite the thing to do. But even these beautiful bored creatures, bad form though it is to show interest in anything, were, in spite of themselves, interested in the utter abandon and good-humoured earnestness with which the American lady champion—Miss May Sutton—sets to work. Women, apparently, are rather bored watching men play games. They are so used to it. What do they ever do at Ranelagh and Hurlingham but watch men play polo? And, besides, they consider that games and getting moppingly hot are part of a "nice" man's mission in life. But, to a woman, whose only exercise is to walk from her motor-brougham to her door or stand on the top of a staircase for hours receiving, trying all the while to preserve her hair and her complexion in that state in which it has pleased her maid to leave it, the spectacle of Miss Lowther—more worried by extrinsic details than ever—Miss Douglass, Mrs. Sterry, and Miss Sutton getting as hot as any mere man and fiercely fighting for the game is, in spite of themselves, of absorbing interest.

Photo *Whitlock and Son*

The Chamberlain Birthday

The crowds outside the Town Hall awaiting the arrival of the veteran Statesman, who rode at the head of a two-mile procession of motor-cars all over the city, and was acclaimed by about half a million people (of all shades of politics)

* * *

Henley Regatta

Glorious weather, a record crowd on the water and on the club lawns, mildly exciting racing, and the usual pretty frocks and happy faces galore, made this year's Henley a very delighful one indeed.

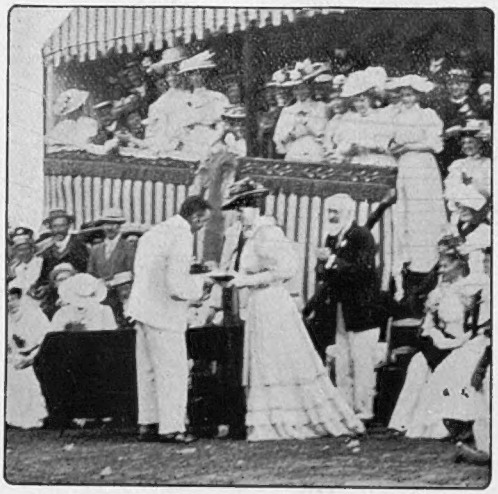
Photo *Bystander Copyright*

The start for the Aero Club Race at Ranelagh on Saturday

Polo and everything else were very secondary considerations on Saturday compared with the balloon race, and the Club lawn presented a very gay and animated appearance. The winner was Mr. Frank Butler, on the "Dolce Far Niente," though he only succeeded in getting within 9½ miles of the "winning post" at Ingatestone, near Chelmsford

Scenes at a Record Henley

As usual, Thursday boasted the largest attendance (something like fifty-thousand, someone calculated) and the most exciting racing. Except that, for some reason or other, no one bets on events at Henley, the racing being quite a secondary part of the social side of the regatta, the intense feeling of disappointment which ran through the crowd when the Grand Challenge Cup, the blue-ribbon of the Thames, went to the Belgians, was an almost exact repetition of the sensation at Ascot when Pretty Polly was so unexpectedly beaten. Trinity Hall, stroked by the "favourite" Stuart, got away first, but it was evident only too soon that the race was to the Belgians, with their bearded scullers and funny, short, tugging stroke. Looking absolutely fresh at the end of the struggle, they acknowledged with grace the cheers of a magnanimous public still smarting under the incident of the previous day, when the Belgians had claimed for a foul against the brothers Stuart.

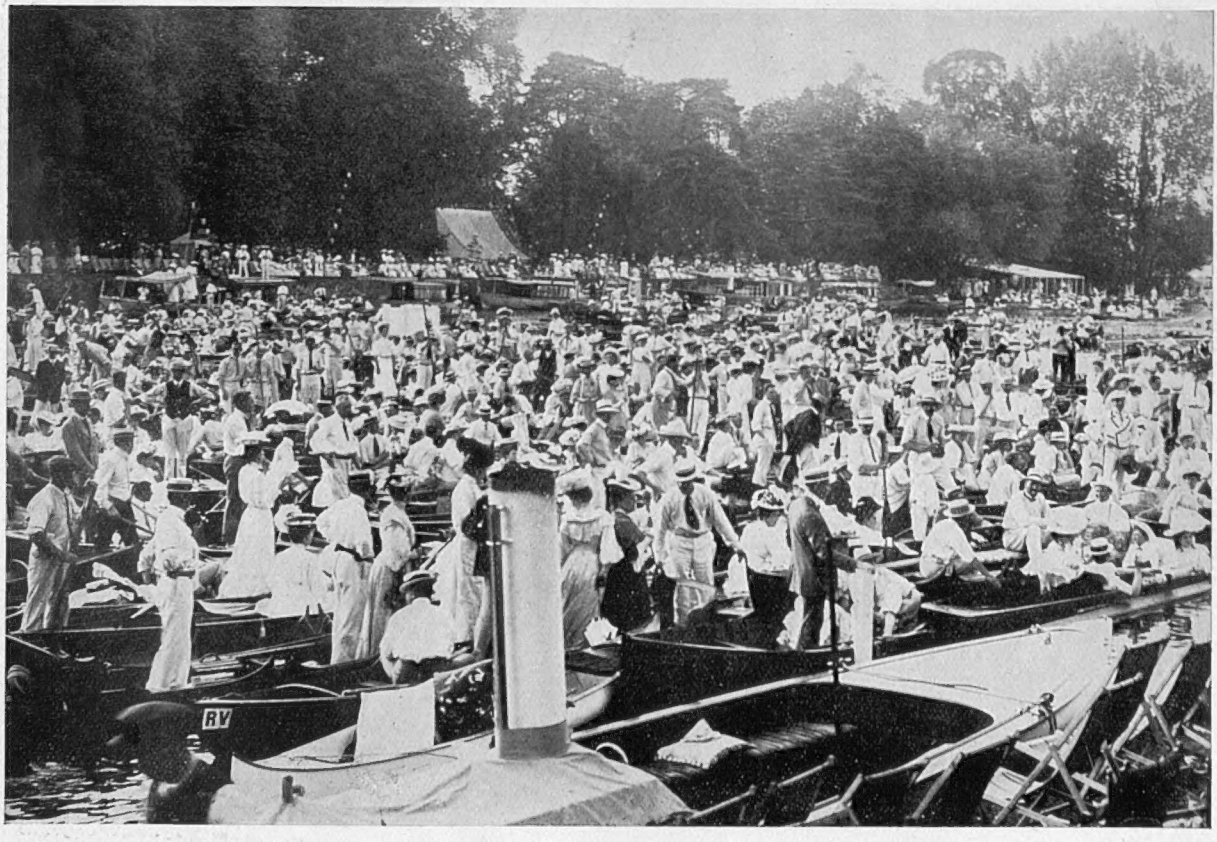


Winner of the Diamond Sculls

Lady Esther Smith presenting the sculls to Mr. H. T. Blackstaffe, who has sculled in the Diamonds for twelve years, and was six times in the final

The View of the Racing

Without doubt, unless one particularly wants, after a real Henley lunch, to sit in the sun, jammed in the middle of a carpet of boats, Phyllis Court Club is *the* place from which to view the remaining races of the day, to drink one's coffee, and smoke the cigar of peace. Here everything is about as well and comfortably done as it can be, and here, also, for those who like fireworks and the sight of a real big, round moon, looking absurdly artificial in an opal sky, lit by coloured lights and rockets, can be had the best view of them, and also of the long, long processions of tired, but happy, humanity wending its way up-stream, homeward and station bound. There was, in fact, only one flaw in an otherwise flawless day, and that was the Grand Challenge loss, a flaw which will, however, probably do more good than harm, for next year, without doubt, Leander, herself again, will very surely bring it back.



Henley: The crush of boats on "Grand" Day

The Regatta this year was a record in point of attendance, there having been about 50,000 present, and the weather was so hot that the spectators (some ladies) who fell into the water were only slightly inconvenienced

More "Entente Cordiale" Meetings

Lord and Lady Crichton

Lady Crichton is likely to play an important part as a hostess of the future, for she is one of the liveliest and cleverest of the children of the late Duke of Westminster, that head of such a singularly complicated family, owing to its numerous marriages and inter-marriages. The Crichtons, whose gifts at their wedding, by the way, included some wonderful sapphires and brilliants, presented by the bride's nephew, the Duke of Westminster, have always been intimate friends of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the half-sister of Lady Crichton, it will be remembered, married the Duke of Teck. No one was surprised, therefore, when the post of Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and that of A.D.C. to General Brocklehurst, was given to Lord Crichton.

Lady Crichton enjoyed herself immensely during the whole of the Indian tour, in which she and her husband were in attendance on the Prince and Princess of Wales, and on her return, burnt brown as a berry, she declared that she had never once, during the whole of the journey, felt sick or sorry, while the other members of the Royal *entourage* declared that Lord and Lady Crichton were the life of the party. Since their return, Lord and Lady Crichton have, at last, found time to take a house of their own in London.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord and Lady Crichton

(Photographed on the lawns at Ascot). They have just taken a house in town, on their return from India, where Lord Crichton acted as A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales. Lady Crichton is a daughter of the late Duke of Westminster and an aunt of the present Duke

* * *

All the "Ententes"

Ententes have been so much in the air of late that any moment may bring us a new one. The little Anglo-French affair goes serenely on, and week after week bobs up in some new, unexpected quarter. Why, even the firemen of the two countries have been toasting each other (at which firemen, of all people, should be expert) in Paris. *L'Entente Municipale*, too, not the most interesting or the most picturesque of the many varieties, shows no sign of diminution, and Hastings has been the latest scene of a friendly meeting 'twixt the friendly councillors, the Mayor and Corporation of Rouen having been visiting that town as guests of the municipality; and a photograph on this page shows the extreme

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

"Encore l'Entente"

The arrival of the party from Rouen, the Mayor and Corporation of which have been entertained during the past week by Mr. Harvey du Cros, M.P., and the Mayor and Corporation of Hastings. As will be noted above, the salutations exchanged were of the most cordial character

Ladies as Automobilists

cordiality of the greetings exchanged between the municipal ladies of the two towns. The German Editors (oh, yes, the German Editors!)—well, they have, we believe, been continuing their progress without interruption, and it is to be hoped that their visit to the native land of their distinguished "countryman," Shakespeare ("Schehgszpeer vos a Tscharman!" as one of them remarked to me rather late on the night after Lord Burnham's *Telegraph* reception), was full of interest. As for the rest of the *ententes*, that with America continues as well as can be expected, considering, and (despite the *Daily Mail's* kindly allusions to her encroachments on British trade) we are still at peace with Japan. The only *entente* of which the world is still anxiously in need is one between Russia and—the Russians, which seems farther off than ever.

* * *

Ladies' Automobile Gymkhana

The Committee of the Ranelagh Club do not believe in stinting the attractions of Saturday afternoon. The other day, the finals of the Ranelagh Open Cup, the polo match between the teams of Lords and Commons, in which, by the way, the Commons did not score a single goal, and the Gymkhana held by the Ladies' Automobile Club, with fireworks in the evening after dinner, were most of the events of one afternoon, while many of the coaches, after the Coaching Club Meet in the Park, drove down to Ranelagh for luncheon. Most of the well-known *habitués* of Ranelagh were down, including the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord Gerard, the Duchess of Sutherland, who gave away the prizes, and many others "impossible to mention here," as our esteemed halfpenny contemporaries would say, and so popular is the open-air dining-room these warm nights, it is almost impossible to get a table unless one has been telephoned for some days beforehand.

Photo *Russell and Sons*

The Duke of Rutland

Who has been lying in a critical condition during the last week or so. The Duke is eighty-eight years of age

* * *

Suffragettes in the Square

Heartiest congratulations to Mesdames les Suffragettes on their adoption, at last, of "constitutional" methods, "constitutional" methods,

Ladies' Automobile Gymkhana at Ranelagh

Mrs. C. Farrar, winner of the "crawling race," and also of the tilting at the ring tournament, in her car

Suffragettes in the Square

Photos by Illustrations Bureau and F. R. Clarke

The "Suffragettes" on a recent Sunday held a breezy meeting in Trafalgar Square, in which they endured much interruption from what Mr. Keir Hardie called "Radical roughs." Our pictures show: (1) Miss Billington addressing the meeting; (2) Miss Pankhurst, the "Suffragette" who has just taken her degree as Bachelor of Laws at Manchester; and (3) Mr. Keir Hardie on the platform

The Peerage and its Critics

of course, meaning that one gets up against the lions in Trafalgar Square, and shouts impassioned shibboleths on Sunday afternoon to laughing loafers. This is much more to the taste of the British public than the ladies' other tactics—the Asquith-baiting, and C.-B.-sieging, and inverted flag-waving, and House of Commons disturbing, with which, heretofore, they have sought to advance their cause. Now that we know they are peacefully persuading us, with the aid of the prince of peaceful persuaders, Mr. Keir Hardie, in Trafalgar Square, we shall watch their progress with approval, with, at the same time, the firm conviction that Woman's Suffrage will never become law as long as its chief opponents — *i.e.*, women — are left on the earth. Were man alone to be the arbiter, he would raise no objection to such eminently able and eloquent women as Miss Kenney, Miss Billington, and Miss Pankhurst (who has just taken her degree as Bachelor of Laws at Manchester) exercising the suffrage. But woman at large does not want the vote—politics do not interest her, save as an adjunct to the harmless, necessary husband.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Rothschild

Who has been attacked in the Commons as a peer who does not earn his income, a statement which, as the City knows well enough, is not founded on fact

* * *

Poetic Appreciation

Lady Alfred Douglas is lucky. Her poetry is appreciated not only by her friends, which is natural, but by her husband, which is, to say the least of it, unusual, and worthy of comment, for surely few women are so favoured, especially as Lord Alfred is by way of being a poet himself. It is not every husband who is so ready with his *quid pro quo*, so far as appreciation is concerned, as Lord Alfred Douglas appears to be. Espying a criticism of his wife's latest volume of verse in the *Saturday Review* lately, he indited a cutting letter to the Editor of that still brilliant weekly, which produced an equally forcible, though quite decorous, reply.

Lady Alfred's appreciative friends call her "Opal," which, besides being the title of one of her books, also, in a way, suits her dark style of beauty, which is in every way a contrast to the flaxen hair and blue eyes of her husband and her boy, Raymond. She often stays with her mother-in-law, the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry, in the country, but otherwise nearly all her time is spent at her beautiful old house in Chelsea, which she makes her headquarters.

* * *

Peers and Their Critics

No sooner have we grown accustomed to the complaints and moans of judges and others, who, like the aggrieved and much-spanked little boy of our school-days, quite unnecessarily aver that "Of course, it's all my fault; everything is my fault," than the peers of the realm, not to be undone by judges and things, join in the chorus. Lord Jersey, known to the mothers of daughters chiefly as "The father of Lord Villiers," leads the way, and complains bitterly of dramatists and novelists. When, he says, these people wish to depict a ridiculous character, they always choose a peer. Very hard, I must say, and, of course, no one likes to appear ridiculous; but then, what are novelists and dramatists here for if not to picture what they see? It is their bread and butter. The next peer to receive hard usage from his critics is Lord Clanricarde, whose chief amusement, according to that most Ulster of Ulster Members, Mr. T. W. Russell, of South Tyrone, is the eviction of his tenants. After a good breakfast, indeed, Lord Clanricarde's one idea, it appears, is to go out and evict something! Lastly, I hear that Lord Rothschild seriously considers selling all that he has and giving it to the poor, so upset is he by the statement of another Member of Parliament — Mr. Snowden, to wit—

Photo **The Earl of Jersey** *Lafayette*

Who has asked why it is that novelists *will* depict peers as ridiculous people, which, of course, they are not

Lady Alfred Douglas

A Poet who has aroused the ire of the "Saturday Review"

Lady Alfred's book of verse recently inspired a lively controversy between the Editor of our contemporary and Lord Alfred Douglas on the merits of a review which appeared in those columns. She is known as "Opal" (after the title of one of her books), and has been married four years to Lord Alfred Douglas, also a poet of repute

Some Dogs and Their Lady Fanciers

that his (Lord Rothschild's) income is unearned. As a matter of fact, of course, Lord Rothschild is an exceedingly hard-working man. Certainly, he misses few race meetings; but, then, he also misses few mornings from his office in the City, to which he and his son, the Hon. Lionel, whose great hobby is fleas—what *cheap* hobbies millionaires all have!—drive every morning. Mr. Snowden, I hope, does not also accuse Lord Rothschild of flaunting in our faces this unearned increment, though when these Whigs start on the subject of taxing the rich you really never know where they are going to draw the line. If he does, however, he has probably never met Lady Rothschild, a woman whom riches would appear to have had no power to spoil; for with her quiet voice and manners, she advertises not at all the fact that she is the daughter, as well as the wife, of multi-millionaires. One thing only might, to the practised eagle eye of Mr. Snowden, give her away, so to speak, and that is the string of huge and perfectly matched pearls she nearly always wears with her black or grey frock. My sympathies, of course, are in every case with the peers for these unkind criticisms, though I would, in a fraternal way, remind them of the truth of that classic adage:—

Photo *Bunnett*

A notable mongrel

"Nellie," a stray dog, which has been raised from the obscurity of Islington's slums to the proud position of collector of funds at the Ladies' Kennel Show, in which capacity it attracted much attention

And oh! the seats of the mighty,
But the wear and tear was great!

* * *

A Ducal Dog Fancier

No one more competent than the Duchess of Newcastle could have been asked to judge the borzois at the Ladies' Kennel Club Show at the Botanic Gardens the other day, for Her Grace of Newcastle makes dogs, especially those of the borzois breed, her chief hobby. The Duchess, in fact, comes of a family which is nothing if not sporting, although she is married to a man whose whole interests are centred in matters religious and ecclesiastical. They have no children, the Duke's heir being his brother, Lord Francis Hope, and they very seldom come to town, a dog show or a Court being about the only things which would bring the Duchess, while it would have to be a ritual commission or something of that kind to bring the Duke.

Another judge who, at the Show, was very busy indeed, owing to the enormous number of Pekinese spaniels sent in, was Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who, although not quite so keen on country life as the Duchess of Newcastle, is, nevertheless, exceedingly fond of country pursuits, and the beautiful gardens, with their thousands of tea roses, at Broughton Castle, were, many of them, laid out after her designs.

As usual at ladies' shows, sporting dogs were mostly conspicuous by their absence, and there were no pointers at all, but there were some exceptionally fine bull-dogs, Mrs. Edgar Waterlow winning the Queen's Cup for her bull-dog, "Nuthurst Doctor." The dog, however, which received most attention was a mongrel, "Nellie," voted by visitors "a dear thing," who, having once been a "stray" herself, showed her gratitude for having been made once again a decent member of society by collecting quite a lot of money for the Lost Cats' Shelter at Islington, an institution which, by all the natural laws, she should surely despise rather than encourage.

Photo *Fall*

Ladies' Kennel Club: Winner of the Queen's Cup

Mrs. Edgar Waterlow, with "Nuthurst Doctor," winner of the First Championship for the best bull-dog

* * *

Political Rumours

The rumours as to Cabinet changes, now that the Education Bill is safe (so far as the faithful Commons are concerned), are more active than ever. It would seem almost certain that the Premier will, sooner or later, transfer himself to the Peers (where he will be "C.-B" no longer), and the Leadership of the Commons will, it is said, pass to Sir Edward Grey. The likely favourite for the Foreign Office, in that event, would be Lord Elgin, while I have actually heard it said, in well-informed quarters, that there is a sinister intention, in the event of Mr. Bryce's transition to the Colonial Office, to entrust the destinies of Ireland to Mr. Churchill. Times will, should this be true, be somewhat lively for Ireland—and for Mr. Churchill. Meanwhile, the Opposition seems to be settling down as well as could be expected. Mr. Balfour has improved

Dogs and the Duchess

Photo *Thomas Fall*

The Duchess of Newcastle judging Borzois in Regent's Park

At the Ladies' Kennel Club Show in the Botanic Gardens, the Duchess of Newcastle judged the class in which she is specially interested, and the breeding of which is one of her special hobbies

An Earl's Coming of Age

wonderfully now that the Fiscal incubus is off him, and that he is left alone with the Education dialectics he loves so well.

* * *

The Much-Maligned Geisha

Lord Redesdale, in the book which he has written describing Prince Arthur of Connaught's mission to Japan, does away with a, I will not say cherished, but certainly deeply rooted conviction in respect to that country. The geishas, he says, have been entirely and cruelly misrepresented. In reality (and Lord Redesdale ought to know, for besides being a botanist he is a distinguished diplomat) they no more belong to the class which is kind as well as fair, than do, well, the light-opera ladies of London and New York, who dance and sing for the amusement of mankind. In fact, Lord Redesdale has such a respect for their characters, and such a belief in their unassailable virtue, that he likens them to the *grandes dames* of our own world, a maligned lily carrying in her pretty hands the white flower of a blameless life. And yet, how many times since the first production of *The Geisha* have we not been assured to the contrary? Certain it is, anyway, that Japanese women have outstripped their Western sisters in the race for modernity in one respect at any rate. At a recent race meeting in Tokio, the three favourites were ridden by girl jockeys, one the daughter of a riding-master, the others both geishas.

The Earl of Caledon

Who celebrates his coming of age next month. His lordship is above shown in the uniform of a page to H.M. the King, in which capacity he acted at the Coronation in 1902

* * *

Lord Caledon

Lord Caledon, who came into the title eight years ago, celebrates his twenty-first birthday early next month. He is a youth of bright personality and pleasing appearance, who greatly distinguished himself while at Eton for the pluck displayed in helping the work of rescue during the fires at Kyndersley's some years back. On leaving Eton he went to Trinity, Cambridge. At the King's Coronation he was one of the Royal train-bearers, and his costume in the photograph we give is that of a Royal page.

* * *

A Correction

I regret that, in a recent paragraph respecting Mrs. Friedrich Eckstein, there should have been an error in respect to her birthplace, which was stated to be South Africa. Mrs. Eckstein has courteously informed me that she is of Irish descent, and was born in England, though she went to South Africa in girlhood, and lived there several years.

BYSTANDER.

Photos

Miss Dorothy St. John

Daughter of Sir Frederick St. John, K.C.M.G., late Minister at Berne and Belgrade

A DIPLOMATIC ENGAGEMENT

Hughes and Mullins

Mr. H. C. Lowther

H.M.'s Councillor of Embassy in Tokio

The PLAYHOUSES

Mme. Marthe Brandès in "Le Passé" at the Royalty Theatre

Two things fought against the complete success of Mme. Brandès' first appearance at the Royalty Theatre on Monday week in *Le Passé*, by George de Porto-Riche — a certain painful monotony in the play chosen, and a formidable cold, which Mme. Brandès, no doubt, owed to her inexperience of the English climate. This coarsened the beautiful low notes in her voice, and made her, perhaps, a little more nervous and restless than usual. For the rest, the small audience seemed enchanted by her slightly exotic charm, by her impulsive, sudden movements of passion and rebellion, by the strange mingling of independence, pride, and womanly submission, which she, better than any other French actress, knows how to copy from life.

Mme. Marthe Brandès

Who presented *Le Passé*, a play by M. de Porto-Riche, at the Royalty on Monday week

And for those qualities, the piece, although monotonous, provides an excellent opportunity. Yet one must confess that it belongs to the category of plays "unpleasant"—a category invented by the cheerful British playgoer, who does not want to be emotionally disturbed after dinner, and claims that the drama should be digestive; a category consecrated by Mr. Bernard Shaw. *Le Passé*, in fact, has a perceptible undercurrent of bitterness and humiliation in it. It shows the gradual breaking down of a noble woman's will, who has won independence for herself by hard work and courage. It is true that she has not worked for work's sake, but regarding work as an opiate to stifle the memory of a miserable *affaire de cœur*. You see her, in the first act, practically cured. The opiate has acted. But the disease, in the shape of a now elderly and partially bald Don Juan, reappears. Dominique de Brienne is badly taken with it again, suffers, laments her vanishing youth, and is once more disgusted at Don Juan's duplicity and indifference. A disease, a cure painfully won, then a relapse into sickness—that is the dreary scheme of M. Porto-Riche's far from "digestive" masterpiece.

R. J.

The Palace

To one who is not devoted to the higher branches of music, the fact that English Opera failed in London is an ever-recurring pleasure. But for that happy chance this beautiful theatre would have been given over to those very uncheery types, the musical enthusiasts, whereas now it is one of the most agreeable places in the world in which to enjoy an after-dinner hour. The management gathers its company of players from the ends of the earth. From the comfortable fauteuils of the auditorium, within a minute or two of Piccadilly, you can watch the most amusing people from all parts of Europe and America do their best to entertain you. Just now there is a number of new and interesting engagements. If one is not in love with the rather freak quality of the smallest conductor in the world who heads the instrumentalists of the Colberg family, Miss Clarice Mayne's clever presentation of Miss Marie Lloyd will charm you, or Mr. Brookfield's amusing sketch, "The Lady Burglar," will put you in the best possible of moods.

Some Newcomers

A newcomer with a future is Mr. Fred Niblo, who is described as "the celebrated American Story-teller." This gentleman rattles off a vast number of little stories and queer sayings with considerable aplomb and spirit, leaving no time for one little joke to be recognised before he gives you another. After an occasional story or verse, he tells the audience that "it's sorter 'cute," an aid to the hearers which is not quite so deadly as the "dink it o-far" of one of our performers—but very near it. Many of Mr. Niblo's stories do not come freshly to us, but, then, ours is a very old country, and America, we suppose, has to learn these things. Just now, at something after ten o'clock, the beautiful and gifted Rosario Guerrero is to be seen in her own short, but sensational play without words, *Le Cauchemar*. Those who have seen this piece will remember that the lady is discovered as a peasant girl at work in her humble home. There is one of the most terrible stage storms raging that we've ever heard. The girl's father, one gathers, is expected home. Notwithstanding the storm, the peasant girl sleeps over her work. There is a little darkness. A monk appears and asks for shelter. After some gesticulation, he retires to a hay-loft and leaves a sack behind him. The girl undoes the bag and finds therein a splendid

dress, pearls; and so forth. She puts these things on and dances—how charmingly La Guerrero dances! The monk returns and sees her in the fine dress and jewels; but stay, he is really a brigand! He takes off his cloak and beard, and commands the girl to give up these pretty things. She surrenders the dress and other vanities, except the pearls. They struggle. She is stabbed. There is a little more darkness. The peasant girl wakes up, still in her simple cotton dress; it was a dream. The audience is delighted. *Le Cauchemar* is so rapid, so well and fully acted, that it is sure to succeed. Over all is that delightful artificiality which is the main charm of pantomime and life. No one is really deceived; it is always the beautiful Guerrero—but in a new pose, or with some hitherto unseen purpose in her darkly Eastern, brilliantly expressive face. M. Dufaure supports La Guerrero as the brigand, and does so with excellent effect. The programme closes with the Bioscope pictures.

H. W. E. M.

The Harmless, Necessary Deadhead

The *Daily Mail* has been on the warpath again, and this time its attack is directed against the unfortunate deadhead. Though there is, I have no doubt, a certain justification for the discouragement of this class of gentry, yet I think it is entirely unfair to lay the charge of small profits and unremunerative plays to their credit. There will not be room for intruders of the "once spoke to Irving's cook" variety of deadhead in a successful house, and, if a piece is unsuccessful, it is surely better to play to a packed house than empty seats, provided the management have not the sense to shut down the piece. We are glad to see that several prominent managers have rightly disputed the contention put forward by our lively and inexhaustible contemporary.

H. W. P.

Photo *Johnston and Hoffman*

Fraulein Destinn

Who took the part of the Japanese heroine in *Madama Butterfly* (in place of Melba), and created the rôle of Tatiana in Tschaikowsky's *Eugene Oneghin*, produced for the first time at Covent Garden

"Eugene Oneghin" at Covent Garden

Tschaikowsky's opera, *Eugène Oneghin*, has, at last, been produced at Covent Garden, and has had just the reception that might have been expected from the present generation of musical critics. The fact that the opera is twenty-five years old, and that its composer-librettist was, from design, a devotee of the melodic in operatic music, and of simple human emotionalism in drama, as distinct from the raving, shrieking, and nerve-shattering school, is quite enough to bring upon the work the taunt of being old-fashioned. And yet, I strongly question whether the public will endorse the strictures passed on the work by this critical combine. The story is denounced as one unsuitable for operatic treatment as it deals mainly with psychology. Tatiana, the young *ingénue* of eighteen, conceives a passion for Eugène, the "*blasé roué*," but the latter, being a gentleman, gently repulses her overtures. He, instead, courts her sister, Olga, and, as a result, is challenged to a duel by Zemsky, Olga's lover, whom he kills. Later, years after, he meets Tatiana, this time married to the Prince Gremin, and falls in love with her, proposing that she fly with him. But, this time, Eugène is repulsed, for Tatiana, though in love, as before, with Oneghin, elects to remain faithful to her husband. This story may not be over-distinguished; it is simple, human, worldly. It appealed to Tschaikowsky as more suitable for operatic treatment than the more passionate, imaginative libretti of Wagner, which were based on conceptions of life and love hopelessly removed from relationship to real life.

The Music

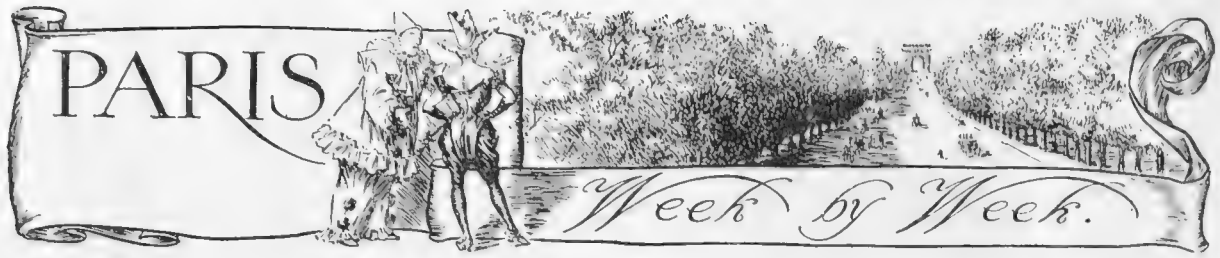
Tschaikowsky chose to treat his score coolly and logically. He spurned claptrap climaxes and page upon page of unmusical recitative. His people expressed their emotions in melodic Mozartean strains, always smooth, and often of haunting, luscious beauty. The opera is full of lovely tunes, and Russian folk melodies; there are valses, a polonaise, and some instrumental interludes of the kind so beloved in his symphonic works. Altogether, *Eugène Oneghin* is a pleasing example of dignity and decorum in opera, whether or no it falls short of the hair-brained requirements of the modern English critic. As to the performance, it was extremely good. Signor Battistini was, really, the ideal type of Russian aristocrat, and if the strange costume (frock-coat with raised sleeves, top-boots, and opera hat) made him, and everybody else so attired, look a little ridiculous, he played and sang with great force and dignity. Fraulein Destinn sang admirably and acted well, though her appearance is somewhat mature for the girl, Tatiana, while Signor Altchevsky and M. Journet were both excellent as Zemsky and the Prince. Mme. Kirkby Lunn, as Olga, scarcely had a sufficient chance, but her sympathy with the music was obvious throughout. The chorus pulled through, and caused as little discomfort to the audience as possible. By the way, is there such a thing as a *young* Covent Garden chorus singer?

V. C.

THE LOVE SCENE IN "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"

An impression of Signor Fazzini and Fraulein Destinn in the love scene in the garden after the wedding festivities. The opera is one of the most fascinating which has been given to the world of late years, and is immensely popular at Covent Garden

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES



By FRANCES KEYZER

The Motor Grand Prix

Those who have never seen a motor race cannot form an idea of the excitement and interest the competition in the Sarthe created. The tribunes erected by the Automobile Club of France were full of well-known people, English, American, Italian, German, and French, who had arrived in the early morning, at break of day, so eager were they to assist at the start. All night the *place* at Le Mans was full of cars, waiting side by side for the first sign of morning to start again on the road that led to the Circuit. All Paris was there waiting, wondering. And it was a wonderful race, a race that depended on three powers—the car, the driver, and the tyres. The driver stands in the same position to the car as the jockey to the racer. He must be equally calm and sure, but how much greater are the risks! Six times on each day did some of these brave men pass the starting-point, having flashed by the tribunes and covered the circuit of sixty-five miles in fifty-two or three minutes. Women held their breath, men shouted, as the minutes past, and one or other of the cars was announced by a trumpet call as it crowned the hill.

* * *

Sixty-Eight Tyres For One Car!

And how all followed the movements of the drivers, some of them millionaires, who changed their tyres unassisted, under the scorching sun, delayed a few minutes, and off again on their mad course. What an important part tyres play in this race is seen when we realise that the winner, Sisz, changed seventeen times during the twelve rounds (780 miles), having detachable rims to his Michelins, while Albert Clement, the twenty-year-old son of the well-known manufacturer, did the distance with eight changes on Dunlops. Why, you may ask, were not all the tyres fixed to detachable rims? It must be remembered, however, that it was an experiment, and there was no guarantee that, under the excitement of the moment, the driver would fix the screw securely enough, and some were afraid of the risk. Brave young Albert, if you had but been allowed detachable rims!

* * *

A Smart Gathering

It was a very smart gathering, and the ladies looked charming in white linen, sipping champagne under the shade of their cars during the luncheon hour. Here were the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Duke of Parma, M. Etienne, the Minister of War, Baron de Zuylen, Marquis de Dion, Mr. Gould, Baron Henri de Rothschild, Countess de Noailles, Count and Countess Charles du Luart, Mr. and Mrs. George du Cros, M. and Mme. de la Morandière, M. and Mme. Goldschmidt, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, Countess de Broussillon, Count and Countess Dorlodot des Essarts, Count de la Rochefoucauld, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Price, M. d'Estournelles de Constant, General Hardy, General Faure, Mr. and Mme. C. L. Charley, Dr. Poirier, Mr. Jarrott, Prince E. Murat, M. and Mme. Pellier, Duke des Cars, Prince de Sagan, M. and Mme. Camille de Sainte-Croix, Marquis de Chasseloup, Mme. Paulmier, M. Henri Menier, etc. Grey linen motor coats were worn by nearly all the sportsmen; the ladies protected themselves with tussore.

* * *

Equine Fashions

The Paris cabman is doing his best to protect his horse from the July sun. He has imagined that a parasol fixed over the animal's head has a novel and coquettish appearance, but it is not probable that the innovation will be generally adopted. If the horses were consulted I think they would prefer the shady straw hat, or even the linen cap that has been introduced into some of the public stables, notwithstanding the advantages of the parasol system. A hat and a sunshade for a horse! The idea is humane, but the execution, it must be acknowledged, is a trifle ridiculous. If the Society for the Protection of Animals would take the question seriously there is certainly a better shade to be had by a fixed canopy on the harness, in the same way as those adopted to the carriages on the Riviera.

* * *

Sarah's Kisses

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been bestowing another of her kisses on a young poet whom she has just discovered. She is an enthusiast. But her kisses are expensive pleasures. The last cost her no less than £400. The great tragedienne falls in love with her rôle, with the music of the verse, with the drapings and colourings she pictures, and she make a young god of the man in the witching hour. But the awakening comes; the play remains in the drawer, and the poet sighs. Will it never be produced? Has she forgotten? How many young poets are there walking about Paris with unkempt locks and haggard mien who have tasted the fatal kiss, the kiss that promised and never fulfilled? Who has forgotten the Kistermacker kiss, which ended in her refusal to play the work she accepted—the litigation, and the damages she had to pay for breach of contract?

* * *

The Zola Statue

Emile Zola is to have his statue. A little while ago a delegation called on M. Briand, the Minister of Public Instruction, and asked permission to erect the statue in the Tuileries Gardens, facing the Marsan Pavilion, where the monument of Waldeck-Rousseau

will likewise be placed. M. de Pressensé, who played a leading part in the Dreyfus affair and in the Zola trial, was the spokesman, and impressed upon the Minister the necessity of honouring the memory of the great writer. M. Briand assured the delegation that he was quite in sympathy with them, and that he would give the matter his full support. But an unforeseen difficulty has arisen. According to time-honoured French custom, Zola and Waldeck-Rousseau will be represented in frock-coat and trousers, and their effigies in the Tuileries Gardens will contrast strangely with the pieces of classical sculpture that ornament the place.

* * *

To Copy English Style

At a meeting of the Zola Monument Committee someone sang the praises of England, and pointed out how the English had solved this same problem in a very simple manner. "England," said this gentleman, in a humorous but telling speech, "is the land of prudery, yet there they honour their heroes by undressing them. They stripped Wellington of his clothes, his hat, his boots, his braces, and set him up in Hyde Park as an Achilles. In the Crystal Palace an ancient but athletic Roman is to be seen; on the pedestal you will read the name of Dr. Thomson. All over England statues are to be found of modern warriors, statesmen, or scientists, who, thanks to a practical application of the nude, can be placed next to an Hercules or an Antinous without appearing grotesque. Why should we not follow the example of our good friends across the Channel?" This was sound advice. M. de Pressensé thought the matter over, and then came to the conclusion that the French and the English system might be amalgamated. And he hit upon the original idea of giving in a full-dressed Zola, escorted by a nude lady, the impersonation of Truth. M. Meunier, the sculptor, nearly had a fit when M. de Pressensé developed this idea to him; and it was only after much trouble that the latter consented to replace the nude woman by modern allegorical figures.

* * *

A Dumas Story

In connection with the recent commemoration of Alexandre Dumas *fils'* birth, one of his admirers has just published a selection of witty remarks which the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* is said to have made. One of his jokes, which has the advantage of being true, is not among the collection. It is worth relating. One day Dumas was entertained by a pompous *parvenu*, who took him over his country house. In the centre of the park was a tiny pond, which the owner proudly called "the lake." "Last month a man called on me," the host remarked in an important voice, "and was drowned in that lake." "That man was a flatterer," replied Dumas.

* * *

"The Fourth" in Paris

Paris is thronged with Americans, and there was a big reception at the United States Embassy on the Fourth of July, which was open to all American ladies and gentlemen, no cards being required. Mayor McClellan, who providentially escaped from the fearful Salisbury disaster, was present, and spoke at the Paris American Chamber of Commerce banquet.

FRANCES KEYZER.

The latest Paris fashion (for horses)—equine parasols

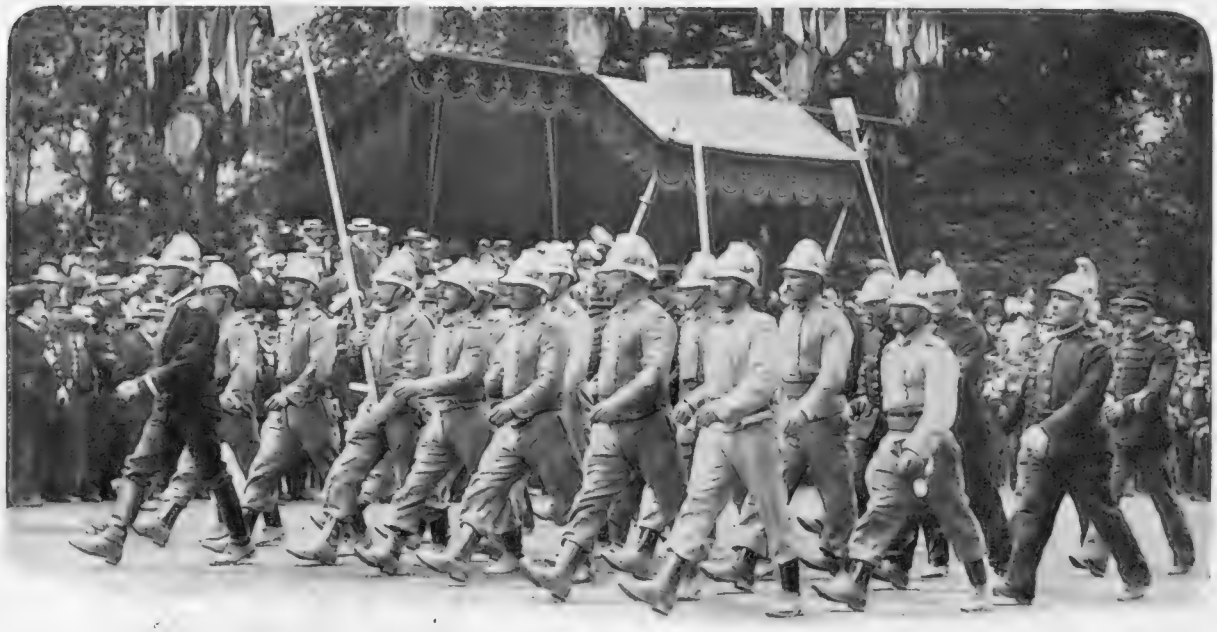
The idea of giving your horse a parasol is carrying humane effort a little too far. It is probable that the horses would be just as grateful and far more comfortable in a simple "straw," or even the coster's expedient, a cabbage leaf

The Nations and Their Firemen

"POMPIERS" OF THE WORLD IN CONGRESS AT PARIS

Perhaps in no respect do the nations show their individuality so strongly as in their respective fire brigades, and the recent International Firemen's Congress in Paris has afforded an interesting example of the different styles. The three photographs shown herewith, of the French, Belgian, and British detachments, alone suffice to illustrate the distinctions. Note the French detachment — walking with military precision, as becomes them as a regiment of the Army *(sapeurs-pompiers)*, to which they are attached as a branch of the Engineer service, and note (on the left) the military salute with which their commanding officer is greeting his inspectors. Then pass to the Belgians! How very workmanlike their attire, how coolly clad (perhaps, it would seem, inflammably), and then to our own British detachment—a procession, it seems, more of solid, business men, intent on duty, alert, intelligent, and indomitable, than of an organised and drilled service. The controversy will, doubtless, rage eternally as to which is the best form of fireman—the military type of the Continent or the civil type of England and America. And, in the latter respect, again, whether the fireman of the Yankee species (seen at the Crystal Palace some years ago in all his glory), who is an acrobat, a juggler, a hustler, and a sliding, scooting, and scaling marvel, is better than the British product.

The French Pompiers, soldierly and smart



The Belgian Firemen, quick and cool

And the Britishers, solid, thoughtful, but wondrous sure

The rendezvous of the Congress, Paris, is well chosen, for the French capital certainly possesses a model fire organisation, called into being by the great Napoleon. A French fire station is the pink of method, smartness, and agility. The call-box is a telephone, and, on receiving a message, a spring is touched, the doors automatically open; the horses, trained to the sound, run unprompted into the shafts of the awaiting engine; firemen slide down poles, and the apparatus is in full flight in about two minutes.

"Bystander Abroad" Competition (Sixth Series)

This is a competition for the benefit of Foreign and Colonial readers, and in order that any who have not yet entered may have a chance of doing so, we again give the conditions. Each photograph should be of a reader in some out-of-the-way part of the world, and on the back should be stated the sender's name and address, together with full particulars as to where the photograph was taken, and any other matter of interest concerning it. A prize of **10s. 6d.** *is given for every photograph published. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "Bystander Abroad," and addressed to "The Art Editor,"* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

"The Bystander" in the Acropolis

Dr. Wingate-Saul, s.y. *Vectis*, says:—"The photo was taken during a recent cruise to the Mediterranean and the Near East on the *Vectis*. The paper's presence materially added to the round of gaiety and pleasure on board"

"The Bystander" in the Navy

F. Batt, of H.M.S. *Proserpine*, East Indies, writes:—"I am sending you a group of British bluejackets of H.M.S. *Proserpine*, taken at Bombay, after returning from the Somali coast, where we have been looking for the Mad Mullah"

"The Bystander" as a breakfast-table luxury in the Zambesi Forest

Mr. B. C. Haynes, 35, Exploration Building, Johannesburg, writes:—"I enclose you a photo taken while I was on a hunting expedition in the Zambesi Forest, not very far from the Victoria Falls. THE BYSTANDER and a quiet smoke are all one wants to complete one's happiness after a breakfast in the open air"

A Drive in the Park at the

Photo

THE DAILY SCENE ANY AFTERNO

The procession of carriages any afternoon, from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner, is one which is unrivalled the world over. Spruce, spotless vehicles, drawn by proud, high-stepping steeds, driven by cold, immobile coachmen, and bearing, on pleasure's quest, women and men attired in the r suitably *blasé* expressions, each of whom is subjc pretended connoisseurs of horse-flesh, beauty, and

The Height of the Season

Topical Agency

AFTERNOON IN JUNE OR JULY

the rigorous fashion of the day, wearing s subjected to merciless criticisms by the ty, and costume, who line the pavement, or occupy the garden-seats under the trees on the paths fronting the drive. In the Park, on a season's afternoon, everybody is on their dignity, everybody has a pose, and everybody feels that he (or she) is there for everybody else's benefit.

The Connoisseur.

SOME OLD ENGLISH PORCELAIN AND POTTERY

The immense popularity of old native china among collectors of to-day must, we think, be owing, to a great extent, to family association, to British sentiment, and the worship of the ancestor. For beautiful as are some of the earliest examples of Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, and so forth, they are not so fine as the wares of Meisen or the vast productions of the State-aided factories of France. Chinese and Japanese porcelains and pottery of even the least valued periods are far and away in advance of our native decorative work, yet they hold a poor position with collectors compared with the productions of the early English factories. For example, such a jug as we show in our first illustration, although of excellent quality for eighteenth-century Bristol ware, cannot be said to possess the æsthetic qualities of the slightest piece of Oriental porcelain. This particular example is a quart jug, bearing the early Plymouth mark, the combination of the figures 2 and 4, in gold, but Mr. Alfred Trapnell, to whom it belongs, tells us that it was, undoubtedly, executed at the old Bristol works. The ground of the body is covered with a mottled pattern in blue, with a large panel on either side very carefully painted with flower designs; round the rim, the base, and handle, runs an ornamental pattern in gold. It is a class of jug greatly sought for by the enthusiasts of this early factory—and, if chanced upon, should be immediately added to your store.

Jug of old Bristol porcelain

From the collection of Alfred Trapnell, Esq., whose examples of this ware are the most complete in the world

For a beginner there is nothing better than to collect Bristol porcelain, for it is very rare, and demands no small energy in its pursuit, and will thus test his quality at the outset of his career, and enable him to judge whether he be of the strong stuff from which connoisseurs are made.

Although Bristol is among the earliest of the porcelain factories in England, the attractive pottery and stoneware which came before it is sometimes confused with it by the casual amateur of ceramics with china-ware.

In Mr. Burton's book on the subject, he mentions that a number of small pottery works appear to have been founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century in the neighbourhood of London, such as Hounslow, Mortlake, and Isleworth. Some of the pieces produced at the latter factory, situated at Railshead Creek, by the ferry-side, are still occasionally to be found. Among these, the most distinctive are the teapots or kettles, which were skilfully copied from Chinese examples. These teapots are made up in a red-clay body, with a bright red, almost waxen, form of surface, such as is to be found in some Japanese and Chinese work.

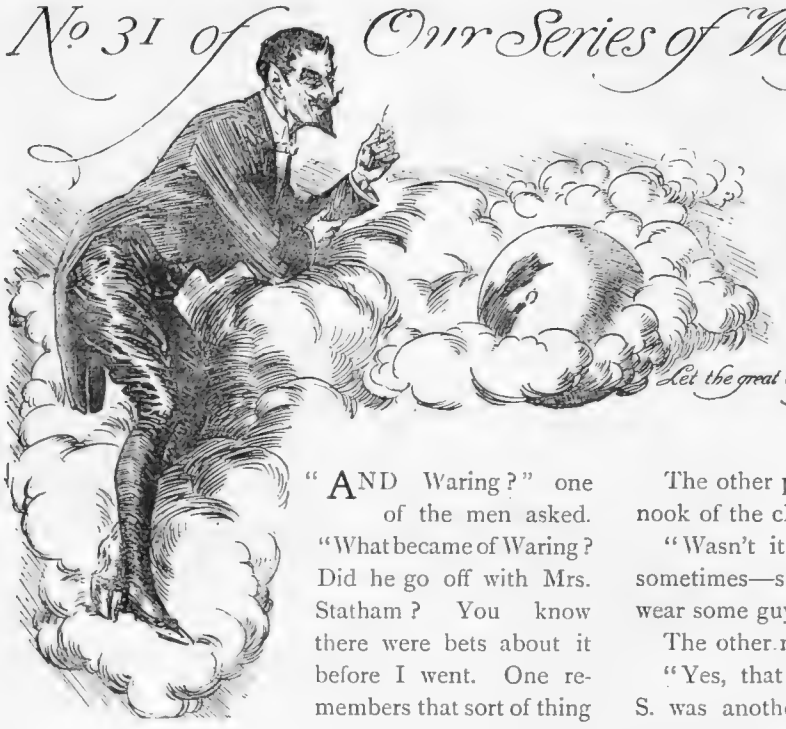
Teapot of Isleworth pottery

Copied from a Chinese design, eighteenth century

Our photograph is from a piece in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

E. M.

No. 31 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



On the Edge

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Author of "The Fifth Queen," "The Soul of London," "The Benefactor," etc.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"AND Waring?" one of the men asked. "What became of Waring? Did he go off with Mrs. Statham? You know there were bets about it before I went. One remembers that sort of thing out there."

"Oh, Waring," the other answered. "No. It was rather funny. He went off by himself."

The man from "out there" whistled softly.

"Dapper Waring," he said, "discreet Waring. Got the . . . the giddy mitten; moustache and all?"

The other had the air of shuddering a little at the slang. It was a matter of going back to old times, and they were at the club, the old place—in the old armchairs. The man who had come back "wanted to know" furiously. His face and hands were tanned, and he wore new home clothes as if they were the Antipodean tweeds he had put off the day before. The other knew; he was the sort of man who did; who knew his way about too, having stayed for all his life in a town where, for the man who knows, there are more gold and more fruit than in all the other hemispheres. He had put on more flesh than the other, and was the older man and the quieter. His beard was trimmed square and was thick, like a quick-set hedge. At home, he had a collection of very choice water-colours, and underneath his broad, bare forehead another of modern instances. All these things gave him an air of balance and assuredness. He spoke with the little hesitation of a man who doubted, not the validity of his opinions, but the power to express shades of a language that had been evolved by unbalanced people. The opinions he did express he savoured like the smoke of his cigar.

"Oh, it was the other way round," he said. "You see, Waring had got as far as packing his bag. Further. You didn't know Mrs. Statham, or Statham?"

The other pointed the stem of his pipe at the inglenook of the club fireplace.

"Wasn't it Statham who used to sit over there sometimes—sit huddled up in a hooded chair and wear some guy's hygienic clothing?" he said.

The other nodded.

"Yes, that was Statham," he answered. "Mrs. S. was another sort. I knew her a bit—very well before she was married. She used to be one of your bright and beautiful English ones; the sort you fellows talk about. Tall, golden hair in coils. A lot—burnished. And blue eyes. Drooping eye-lids though, and a nose with a tendency to quiver in the nostrils like a blood-horse's. Looked splendid, sometimes. Splendid!

"I don't know what she married Statham for. Bored at home, I suppose. I don't know. Anyhow, she married him. And then he began to get on her nerves after a year or, maybe, two. You see, he discovered his monstrous importance in the scale of things—*his* scale. Something reminded him that there were such things as death and health.

"As long as he limited himself to pills she didn't mind, I suppose, but when it came to red flannel liver-pads she aged a little. Grew up, you might say. It was a sort of foretaste, and opened up prospects.

"Well, Statham grew worse and worse; became the Statham you were speaking of; went to all the doctors in town, and took to wearing hygienic clothes. And then Mrs. Statham became the Mrs. Statham that Waring knew—a woman. And a real woman's the devil.

"It was a tragedy, really, for her. And I began to realise that I, too, was—well, growing up when I saw her. I began to think my hair must be getting thin on the top; round the crown. Bit of a tragedy for me, too, eh? You see, I had been away on business for the firm, to New York and Louisiana, and then I came plump into the middle of the whole thing again. We had rather intimate business with

Another "Worldly" story next week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Statham's house, and I used to see him a good deal and talk things over at night.

"I got the whole position in a minute—in two, if you like. You remember Waring—a little fellow, well set up, close curly golden hair, blue eyes, with a twinkle, and that moustache of his you spoke of—a yellow one that looked as if it carried him about. You fellows didn't know the man here—not as I knew him and saw him in that *ménage*. His eyes had a different quality; they didn't flicker, but went soft, when he talked to a woman. So did his voice, and his moustache drooped. Dangerous beggar!

"I hated him, until one day it came into my head that, but for the grace of God, there might have gone—me. Anyhow, I pitied her. There we used to sit at that dinner table of theirs; Statham with his head buried between his shoulders and a gigantic screen behind his back; hygienic clothes and a blue flannel shirt that swathed round his neck like that sort of patent legging you see advertised. Well, he had his tragedy, too, poor beast; he looked like an old bald crow on a railing in a dripping fog.

"As for her, she'd sit opposite, with Waring near her. She'd look at her husband, and practically age as she looked at him. There'd be lines on her face.

"She had grown up, as I said. Some women never do; but she had, and hardened in type. It was pretty sad to see, because she used to be, oh, a glorious girl. She was a glorious woman, too, when she didn't happen to have her eyes on her husband. But the face was intensely proud. You've knocked about a good deal, and can appreciate the type of pride—'upper middle class.' You don't find it anywhere else in the world, except for about four miles around here. God knows what she'd got to be proud of, poor girl. Of having nothing to be proud of, I suppose; of having absolutely nothing to distinguish her from her neighbours on each side, and from their neighbours and their's and their's, and from all the street, and from all the inhabitants of all the streets. She'd never done anything all her life and never would do anything until her time came to help the excellent turf in one of the cemeteries up there—Finchley or Highgate. And her mother had never done anything but that, and her mother's mother's mother's mother, right back. That was what she was proud of, I suppose; and it's about as good a thing to be proud of as anything else when you come to analyse it.

"It was a tradition, and what she clung to most desperately was the tradition of indistinguishability, of being like everybody else. Anything else amounted to—what do you call it: 'albinism'? when you're a white chaffinch in a flock all alike. It's a race instinct, accentuated by a moral code, when you come to think of it, and this was like a blow from a clear sky, something unheard of and quite hateful. She was horribly afraid she was 'noticeable' as far as Waring went. I could see it in the way she looked at me, as if she were trying to catch me 'noticing.' It frightened her, and fascinated her; and Statham was no kind of moral support.

"She would look at him, and I could see a sort of light in her eyes; flashes of rebellion against, not Statham, but the Infinite that had tied her to him. Then Waring would say something in a voice as if he were gargling *eau sucrée*, a voice you never heard here. She would take a sip of wine, and brighten up; flush all over; become like a Bacchante. It was as if she were listening to something, not to Waring, but something at a great distance, some incredible prompting, some thought.

"What does a woman think of every now and then? I have always wondered, and I think it is why I have never married.

"As for Waring, he was well set up; beautifully for such a *little* toad. He carried evening dress well, and had an air of softness and discreetness, and a curly head and languishing eyes. To see her bending her long neck above her white shoulders, stooping her golden head over him! There was a sort of fitness of things in it. That sort of man *will* do the trick for that sort of woman; and *any* one would have looked well opposite Statham, even I."

He paused, and began dropping lumps of sugar into his coffee; gazed at the little clusters of bubbles that resulted, and separated them with the extreme point of his tea-spoon. His friend looked at him with the suspicion of a grin, wrinkling the tight skin of a face with the colour and texture of a russet apple.

"You were pretty hard hit, old chap," he said.

"Oh, I don't say," the other answered. "Anyway, I saw the tragedy of her position. Waring either did or didn't see, I don't know; Statham certainly did not. I don't believe he ever spoke to his wife, except to tell her what Dr. Ferguson had said in the morning, and Dr. Thwaite at lunch time, and both in consultation with Sir Saul Samuelson on the morning of the day when he had felt such palpitations.

"I don't know what put the screw on—in Waring's affair, I mean. Things reached a head in one way or another, and they decided to knock the head off in the approved way. You know how these things come about; or, perhaps you don't. It probably upset little Waring when it came; he, too, had a sort of fear of the noticeable.

"Anyhow, he got his bags packed and deposited at Charing Cross, and the tickets taken (told me that himself), and put on a bowler hat and a long coat for travelling in. Then he trotted to their house to take her for a trip . . . outside the radius. You know the street they lived in; a long vista of houses all exactly alike, three stone steps and some spikey railings, a round fanlight over the door, stucco facings painted white up to the first-floor balcony, and then grimy brick for several storeys—a turning off a fashionable square, S.W.; about two hundred stone stair-steps inside, and an echo like a well every time you stepped on one. Fancy that poor girl brought up there for several years, nothing to do all day, and then at night—Statham.

"Waring trots up the doorsteps and then up the hall-steps, and then pops his moustache ends round the drawing-room door. I seem to see him and the place; I wish I didn't.

"She was standing there gloved and veiled and frozen, ready for travelling to—the Isles of the Blest? Waring saw she had a letter in her hand. It struck him that she had been writing to Statham; the sort of letter one leaves on a dressing-table, I believe.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Forsake the Footlights for Gold? Never!

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Miss Vesta Victoria, who has had to choose between an offer of £25,000 and a husband, and remaining on the stage

An anonymous would-be suitor the other day offered Miss Victoria his hand and £25,000, through his lawyers, but the offer was contingent on her forsaking the stage. She has, however, declined to make the proposed sacrifice

(Continued from page 82)

"'Ready?' he asked, a little throaty, but determined to avoid a scene or anything like it, as if it were a matter of a trip to Putney.

"'Oh, I'm ready,' she answered. 'But . . . look here.' She held the letter out to him.

"*I* knew what was in it; I'd written it. I had had to go round from us to Statham's—it was something about bonded business. I had found him, with a couple of doctors called in by his head clerk. And there was a basin full of something red—and a sponge. Poor beggar, we had never taken his maladies seriously, and he knew it. He was anxious to see his wife, as far as we could tell, because he was speechless. I think he wanted to get some sort of acknowledgment from her. It was a triumph for him; if he had been able to speak, he might have said, 'I told you so!' I had sent the office-boy in advance with the letter I wrote, and then I followed with Statham in a cab.

"That was the real tragedy of her life, poor thing, that scene in the drawing-room. I don't know *just* what passed. I imagine that she must have tried to—not to persuade exactly—but to point out that the letter did not make any difference; that it was probably only one of Statham's 'little ways.' But Waring had a lively sense of the *convenances*, you know.

"I expect, too, she didn't look quite up to the mark that morning. She used to get washed out pretty easily then. Probably she had had a bad time the night before, thinking of the momentous step, and there remained in her face nothing but—oh, the pride and something else, a little alarming for a man like Waring. He had a sort of vision of the future, of what she would be for ever and ever, in that pale woman. That and the idea of running away with—with the wife of a corpse were a little too noticeable even for Waring.

"Anyhow, as we were carrying Statham up the steps—all that remained of him—Waring was coming down. He never saw her again; took a trip round the world; bolted, in fact. He would have faced the scandal the other way; he would have stuck to her, too; he'd even have faced out the being tied to her as he saw her then; I suppose because he would have had the run for his money—the glow and the glamour. That's what it amounts to."

He came to a stop, and re-lit his cigar.

"And Mrs. Statham?" the Colonist asked.

"She's still Mrs. Statham."

"And you?"

"I'm still I—not more of a fool than Waring, and a little less than Statham. And I began to get bald soon after."

The man from "out there" hummed involuntarily the tune that goes with—

Combien je regrette
Mon bras si dodu.

The other was scratching a minute speck of mud off his coat sleeve.

"Oh, it hardly amounts to that," he said.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

The Naval War: One of the enemy's bases at Queenstown

After several desperate encounters, the enemy (the Blue Fleet), has been driven off the sea by the Red Fleet, and we can breathe again. Our photograph shows two of the enemy's submarines in Queenstown Harbour, which are now "resting," after watching for the enemy outside the harbour mouth in a rough sea

In Old Donegal

HAUNTS FOR BOTH THE ANGLER AND THE ARTIST

A typical Donegal trout stream at Ardara

A rocky reach on the upper part of the Owentosker River, near Ardara, which can be easily reached from both Dublin and Belfast. Besides providing excellent sport, most of the Donegal streams are quite free

Photos] **An anxious moment in a rocky pool** *[Shackle's*

On the Mill Stream in the Peninsula of Irishowen, on the Lough Swilly Railway, where there is every opportunity of getting a full basket in the midst of delightful scenery. Plenty of brown trout are to be found in these streams

Lawn Tennis—Is it the Game of the Day?

By A. WALLIS MYERS

The Claims of Lawn Tennis

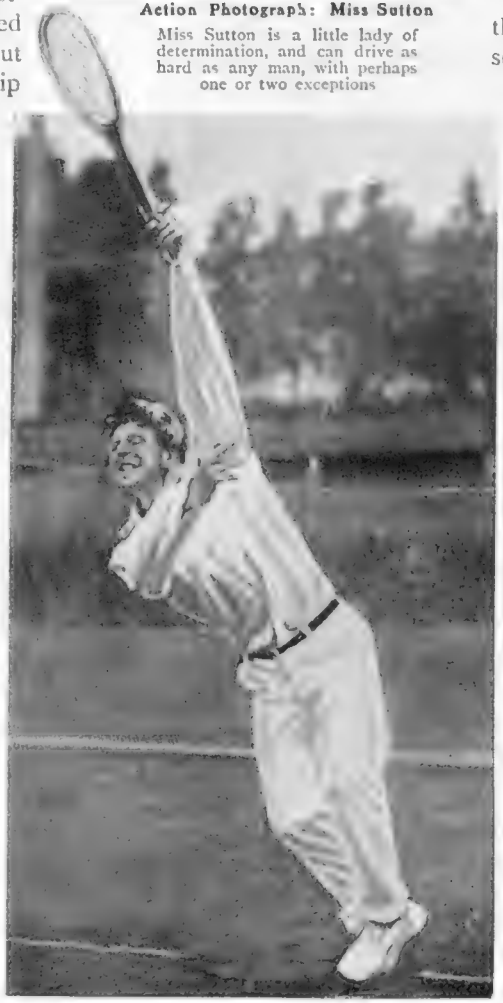
It is always dangerous to compare one popular pastime with another, but, undeniably, the claims of lawn tennis, this season, on the interests of the public have outweighed those of cricket. The Championships have been attended by "gates" that would make a county cricket secretary green with envy. And the entrance price is 2*s.* 6*d.*, to say nothing of the extra charges for the stands. Free from any taint of professionalism, providing matches which must be fought out to a finish, the wonder is that lawn tennis has not hitherto attracted more attention as a spectacle for the upper and middle classes. Possibly, misconception as to the true merits of a first-class encounter has sown the seed of prejudice, which nothing but personal vision of a championship tie can root out; and there still remain a large number of innocent people who judge the game by the standard of Battersea Park.

Action Photograph: Miss Sutton

Miss Sutton is a little lady of determination, and can drive as hard as any man, with perhaps one or two exceptions

The Revival of the Game

The fact is, the revival of the game dates from the coming of the American pair, Dwight Davis and Holcombe Ward, to Wimbledon in 1901. Many players thought they could hit a ball hard until they saw the donor of the International Cup execute a left-handed knock at the net. Then they gaped. They also thought they could toss a ball pretty high over the head of the server's partner, but when they saw the altitude reached by Holcombe Ward with his lobs they wondered the rain did not come down. This sensational visit of the Americans, which so nearly brought about the downfall of the Doherty brothers, gave the public something to talk about, It was a much-needed fuse, and it rekindled the flame which the departure of the Renshaws had snuffed out. Soon after came Belgians, Frenchmen, and Austrians —most of them young and supple, armed with "top drives" which still linger in our memory, and further roused the interest of the lookers-on. Last year the States sent over a team that as near as nothing wrested the supremacy from the mother of the game, while the magic power of Norman Brookes, the Australian, put terror into the hearts of English experts, and stimulated the pulse of the gallery to fever heat. These things helped the game as nothing else could, and its future to-day appears as bright as the most ardent votary could, in his wildest dreams, desire.



Action Photograph: Dwight E. Davis smashing

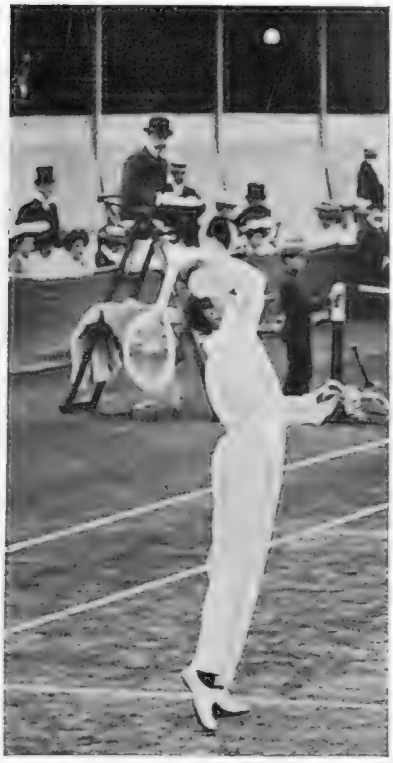
Many players thought they could hit a ball hard before they saw Davis execute a left-handed knock

The Universal Game

But it is not only in England that the boom is raging, and that seats at the best tournaments ascend to a premium. In every town on the Continent an annual open meeting, and sometimes two, are standing features of the season's gaieties. Men, speaking different tongues, travel hundreds of miles to compete at these carnivals; a note of serious, strenuous endeavour runs through every event; the people off the courts come in their hundreds to applaud. I shall be told that this universal worship is but a passing craze, doomed to contempt when a new god comes along. Well, at any rate, its popularity shows no signs of decay at the present time, and one generation of players is handing on its prowess to another. Only the other day the King of Spain ordered a dozen of the latest rackets from a British house; the Crown Prince of Sweden won a prize on a covered court lit by electricity; King Carlos of Portugal threw up his sun-hat when he captured a set from an English diplomatist. And now President Roosevelt is numbered among the devotees of the racket.

(*Continued on page 89*)

Action Studies of Famous Players



R. F. Doherty: Service

Although for many years he has chosen to let the laurels rest on his brother's brow, he is said to be still the better player of the two. His service is magnificent, and his finished and varied style is a delight to watch

H. L. Doherty: Finish of service

His brilliancy consists in his wonderful variety of strokes, equalled only by Riseley. Although he has been Champion for so many years, his supremacy has again and again been a matter of touch and go, but his steadiness has hitherto always conquered

Photo Illustrations Bureau

F. L. Riseley: Curious fore-hand cut

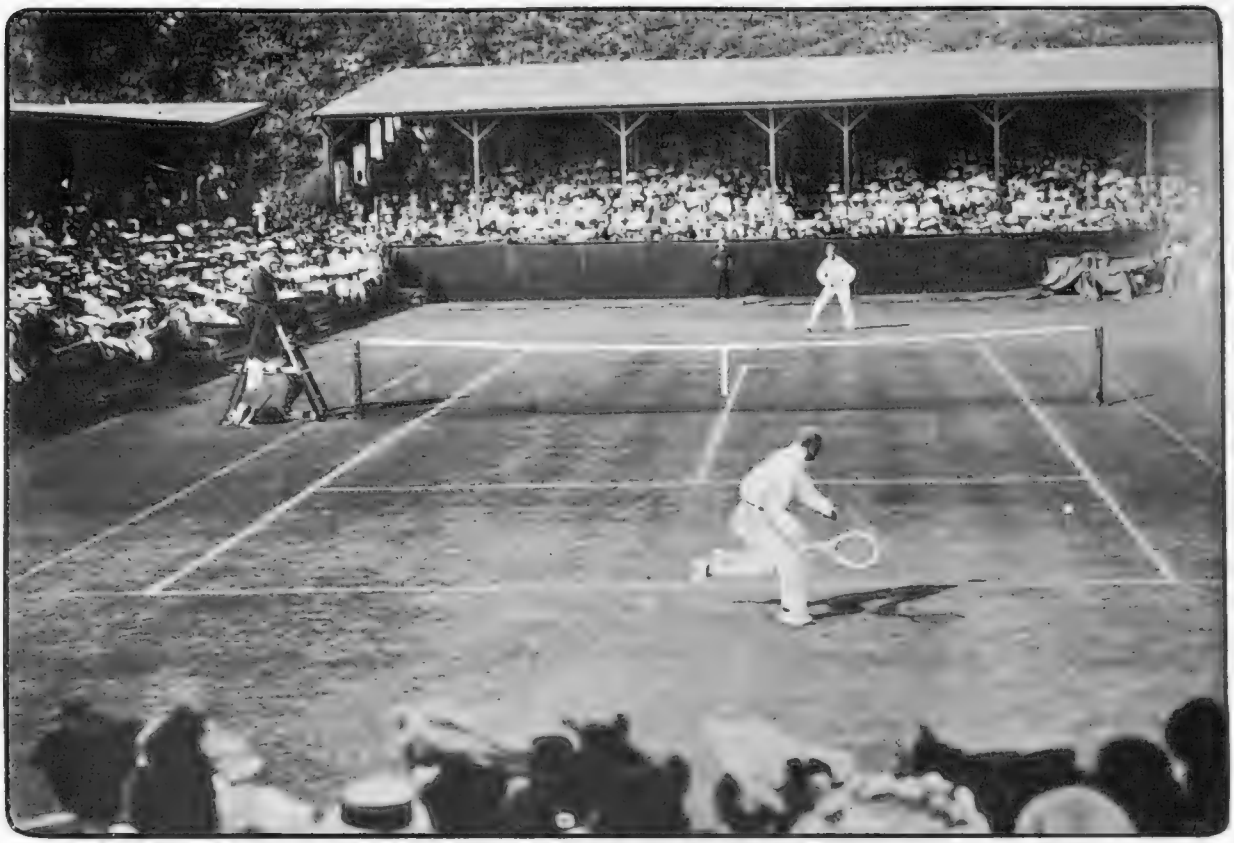
He vies with H. L. Doherty as the most popular player of the day. Besides his marvellous back-handed strokes, his lightning serves, his lithe movements, and his sportsmanlike tendencies, have enlisted for him the enthusiastic support of a large following

Photo Illustrations Bureau

A. W. Gore: Driving

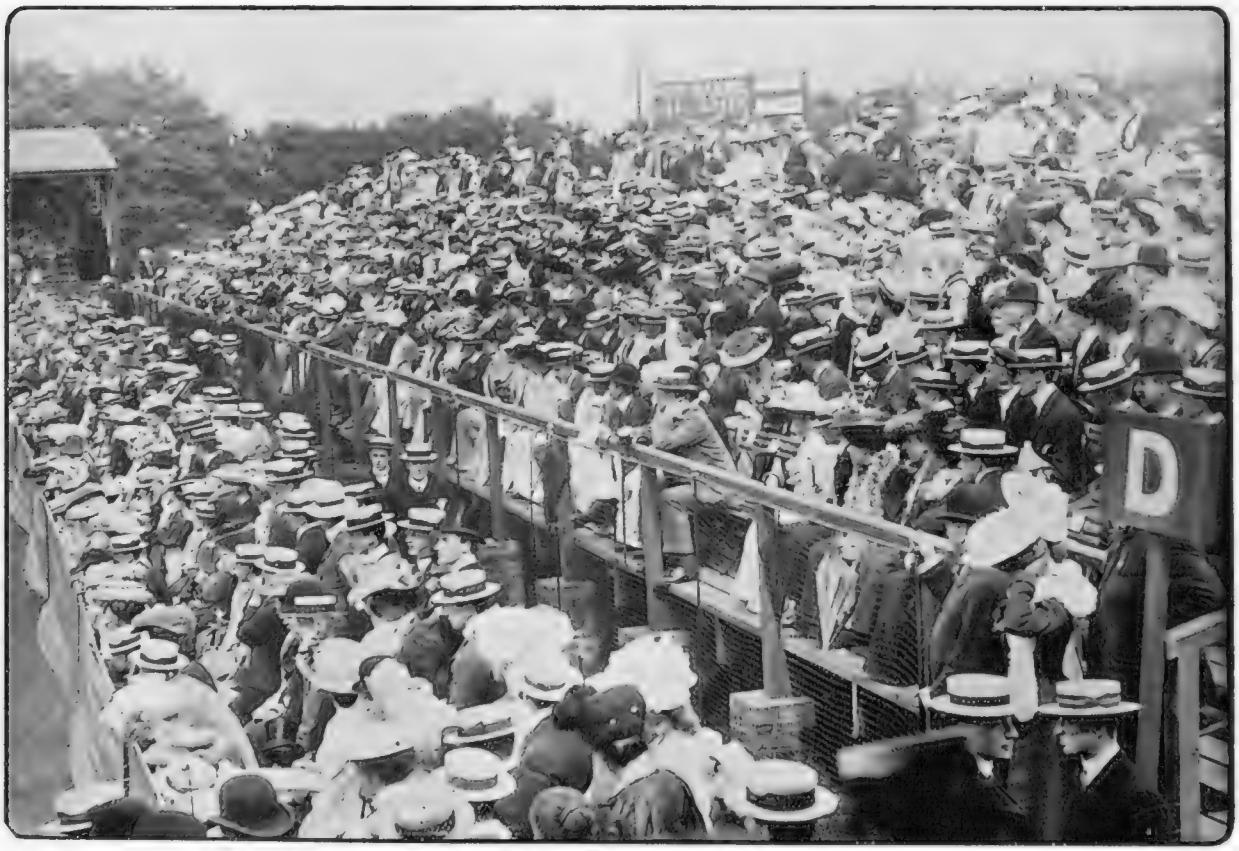
Gore is an instance of perfectibility. It [illegible] to take ten years to make a tennis player, and we believe Gore took more; but to-day his driving is unsurpassed by any other player except, possibly, S. H. Smith

Lawn Tennis as a Spectacular Game



Smith and Riseley playing at Wimbledon

Free from the slightest taint of professionalism, the curse of other sports, and providing matches which must be fought out to a finish, lawn tennis, as a spectacle, is now attracting more and more attention among the upper classes



The crowd watching a Championship match at Wimbledon

Cricket is absolutely out of the running as regards spectators this year. The gate at the Tennis Championships has been a record one. The popularity of the game has also by no means been confined to England, for tournaments on all parts of the Continent have provoked great enthusiasm and brought together large crowds

The Reasons Why

The reasons why lawn tennis has become the universal game are not difficult to discover. Not only is a free field offered for the competition instinct which is a human quality common to all, but the looker-on is brought into the closest possible contact with the player. Facilities for social intercourse are prodigious, and they are facilities which do not interfere with the serious exposition of the game. Polo is an exclusive pastime, cricket can be very dull, regattas are good fun, but the flight of the boats is but a mere incident in the programme; whereas, at a big lawn-tennis tournament, the spectacle is there all the time, offering variety and excitement together.

The Popularity of Tournaments

In gazing at the ever-expanding list of open tournaments, it might be a subject for wonder where the players all come from and how the entrance-fees of the competitors are paid. What indulgent parents these tournament tourists must have! But, looking closer into the matter, it will be found that the bulk of entries at all tournaments are composed of two classes—the local players competing at their only meeting of the year and the regular racket-carriers who spend the whole summer in flitting from one coast to another. Naturally, the latter carry off practically all the prizes; such are the fruits of confidence and experience. But these dust-stained pilgrims do not enjoy the tournament one whit more than the local player who never wins a prize, and who enters the lists with the full knowledge that his progress is barred in the early rounds.

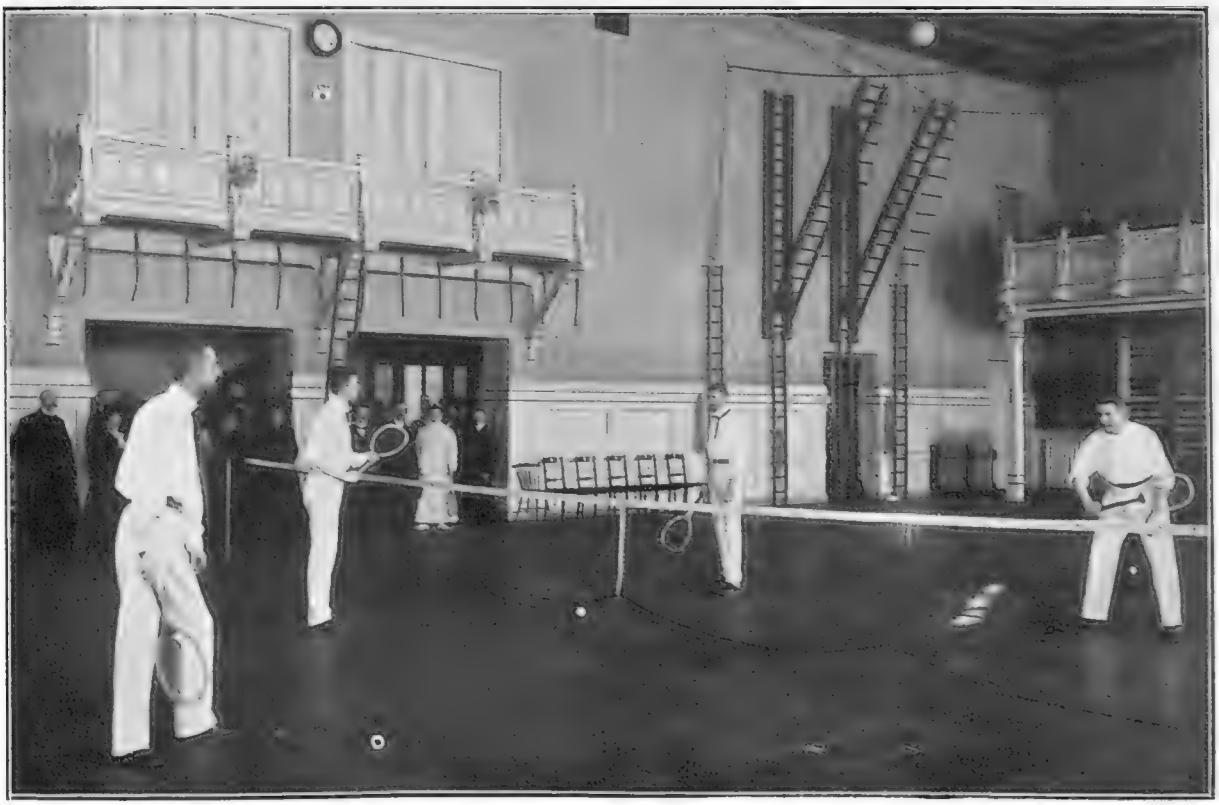
Norman Brookes awaiting a service

The Australian player patronises an ancient racket, so loosely strung that it almost resembles a fishing net, yet nevertheless he strikes the balls with tremendous force

Their Organisations

Have you ever considered what a vast business organisation has grown up around this endless string of tournaments? Take the Championships at Wimbledon, which were brought to a close last week? Running Wimbledon is like running a big theatrical show. For weeks previous the secretary, the referee, the committee, and the various officials are completing their plans, framing this gigantic garden-party, which lasts nearly a fortnight. A small army of ball-boys have to be drilled in their duties; not a loose ball must roll into court during the progress of a match. Then there are the balls, themselves an unlimited supply. Sometimes as many as thirty are used for one important final, and each, if bought separately, would cost a shilling. Tents, teas, doorkeepers, umpires, backgrounds, tarpaulins to cover the best courts, and unauthorised intruders—these and many other factors have to be dealt with. Is it a wonder that the secretary of the All-England Club should fly distracted to the Thames when the carnival is over, and there bury his head in a boat cushion and gaze into the sky?

A. Wallis Myers.



The Crown Prince of Sweden (on the left of the picture), and his son, Prince Gustavus, who married Princess Margare of Connaught, playing in the covered courts at Stockholm

The Crown Prince, only the other day, won a prize in a covered-court tournament, and many other Royal personages are now enthusiastic players, including the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, and even "King" Roosevelt

A Dangerous Bathing Place: The Nile Cataracts

A refreshing dip in the Nile at the First Cataract

Native boys met with in the neighbourhood of the Egyptian Cataracts are probably some of the finest swimmers in the world. As can be imagined, a cataract is not the ideal spot at which to bathe and anyone who ventures into the water must be an expert swimmer. For all this, however, visitors to Egypt may find it safer to go swimming instead of pigeon shooting during the present uncertain state of native temper

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Memoirs of My Dead Life." By George Moore. (Heinemann: 6s.)

"Chats on Old China." By Arthur Hayden. (Fisher Unwin: 5s. net.)

"Highways and Byways in Dorset." By Sir Frederick Treves. (Macmillan: 6s.)

FICTION

"Murray of the Scots Greys." By Laurence Clarke. (Jarrold: 6s.)

"Under One Flag." By Richard Marsh. (Long: 6s.)

"Cattle Brands." By Andy Adams. (Constable: 6s.)

The Unreal "Political" Novel

When confronted with one of the many so-called political novels—I have before me at the moment *Cæsar's Wife*, by R. Melton (Methuen: 6s.)—a question invariably suggests itself. Why are they, as a general rule, so completely lacking in realism? It is an odd fact that writers are at immense pains, in treating of the lower classes of society, to reproduce with exact fidelity the speech, manners, and emotions of their subjects, even if, to do so, it was necessary to spend their entire lifetime gaining first-hand knowledge. A chorus of ridicule would greet a writer were he to be ever so slightly inaccurate as to the dialect of a Scots fishwife, a London costermonger, or a Thames bargee; and yet, when your writer essays to sketch in fiction the lives, conversations, and emotions of men and women in "high life," no attempt whatever is made to be realistic. All fiction's Prime Ministers seem cut out of the same fabric; people in political *salons*, and in the lobbies of the House, are invariably mere artificialities, mere talking machines. Rarely or never is an attempt made to sketch these people as they actually are. Surely realism need not necessarily be confined to the lees of life; the upper strata are as entitled to faithful portrayal as the lower. Of *Cæsar's Wife*, as a novel, I have no disparaging comment to make. It is well written, it is a good analysis of the character of the wife of a political leader, and contains some excellent situations. But, like many other writers of so-called political novels, the author seems to draw his characters from the stockpot. They are the same unreal folk that we have been enduring in fiction ever since Disraeli's success in the field of political fiction let loose a legion of imitators. Politicians, especially such a varied group as those now in the arena, ought, really (with their wives, who are no less varied and curious), to be studied by novelists with as much careful attention as, say, Mr. Jacobs studied his skippers, mates, and cabin boys; Mr. Keble Howard, his suburban turtle-doves; Mr. Upton Sinclair, his Lithuanian pork-packers; and Mr. Quiller-Couch, his Troy villagers.

Photo *Esslemont*

A surgeon turned writer—Sir Frederick Treves

Who has written quite a number of entertaining books, the latest of which, "Highways and Byways in Dorset" (Macmillan), is just published

Treves on Wessex

To fiction, of course, lies the glory of the creation of the literary Wessex — the county of Tess, and of Jude the Obscure, and the rest of the Hardy celebrities—but some good facts about it are none the less welcome, and a better and more poetic description of the land which declines seaward from Salisbury Plain, amidst sleeping villages, sloping woodlands, and wild open moorlands, I could not wish to read than Sir Frederick Treves' book, *Highways and Byways in Dorset* (Macmillan). The famous surgeon, had his paths lain otherwise than where they did, would most certainly have been hardly less celebrated as a *littérateur* than he is as a doctor, for his style is delightful. He has the true love of nature, and his pen-pictures of life in the sleepy county carry one there as in a dream, from which one awakens to a determination to make it real right speedily. His itinerary is from Shaftesbury to the sea (at Poole) and along the coast to Portland; and he describes each town — Stalbridge, Sturminster, Blandford, Wimborne, Wareham, Dorchester, etc., etc.—in a way which hits off its individuality in a really delightful fashion, and if Sir Frederick's prose left anything to be desired to give one the Wessex atmosphere, the studding of the pages with Mr. Joseph Pennell's exquisite line drawings of town and landscape does the rest — these lovely sketches being something unique in book illustration, which I would fain see further extended.

* * *

An Early Georgian Romance

A literary talent of some promise is that of Mr. Laurence Clarke, who makes, I believe, his *début* as a novelist in *Murray of the Scots Greys* (Jarrold: 6s.). This is a story of the days of George I.—a none-too-well exploited period of history—and the hero is a *brave* of the Stanley Weyman-Anthony Hope variety, who becomes involved in the *mêlée* of Court intrigue as a result of a quest of his own for a lady-love, driven from home through a bigamous marriage with one unscrupulous Lord Berkley. Murray is just such a "blind, conceited fool" (admitted later by himself) as the authors above-named would have

revelled in. Brave, impulsive, indiscreet, he is matched throughout the story, in a series of stirring and well-told adventures and intrigues, against the insolent, but subtle and clever, Berkley, generally to be worsted in the fray; but, finally, he overthrows his enemy, not, however, to discover his lost Marianne until, as an old man, he traces her in a Scottish retreat. Special praise is due to the author for the admirable way he throws the reader into the Early Georgian atmosphere, without needless descriptions or dialect. He is, above all, natural and unaffected in style. He is, too, true, historically, and weaves into his plot two interesting facts of the period: the one, the illicit traffic of British noblemen in "tall soldiers" for the army of the King of Prussia (Frederick the Great); and the other, the fact that there was a Court intrigue (winked at by George I.) to kidnap the Prince of Wales, which plot our hero is the means of upsetting, much to the gratitude of the Prince. If there is a fault in the story it is that the writer should have allowed the heroine (Lady Marianne) to have passed so entirely out of the action from the first to the last. This may have been an artistically conceived idea, but the public likes its young man to be rather more closely in touch with his young woman than this, and young Murray is such a pleasing character that it is a little too bad to leave him a lifelong celibate just to satisfy a nice artistic fancy. Otherwise, "Murray" is a man who deserves a speedy acquaintance, and the people in the book are among the most life-like and interesting that have been given us in recent historical fiction.

* * *

Reprints

Reprints, *toujours*, reprints! The publishers seem to have discovered a wondrous demand for the works of the illustrious dead, judging by their activity in issuing new editions of them. 'Tis necessary, it seems, to be dead to be read, or, failing that, it is no bad thing to be reported dead. I have no doubt whatever that the "grossly exaggerated" story of the death of Mr. Baring-Gould has brought in to the author of "Mehalah" and "Kitty Alone" a number of readers who would otherwise have never known the Devon of this particular disciple. I do not know whether the "grossly exaggerated" account of Mark Twain's demise ever aided his popularity, but had the rumour, unfortunately, been true, I can imagine what a number of reprints of the "Innocents Abroad" and its fellow side-splitters would have at once been placed on the market. Mark, however, is happily in the best of health, though, whether at this time of year he finds bed the best place for work and thought, I rather doubt. Resting and smoking are, however, I believe, still his favourite forms of exercise. While on the subject of reprints, might I suggest that historical students would welcome a new issue of the works of Prescott, notably "The Conquest of Mexico" and "Charles V."?

VIVIAN CARTER.

Mark Twain at work in his favourite attitude

The veteran humorist has lately admitted that his favourite exercises are resting and smoking. He is above to be seen engaged in the arduous task of "finding a word." Note the cigar in his mouth, and the elaborate "relay" of pipes, matches, etc., at his bedside, to take its place when smoked

The Cult of Gardening

AN IDEAL VOCATION FOR LADIES, AND WHERE IT CAN BE LEARNED

At the Glynde School: A lady pupil trimming the edges of the turf

Many ladies, through necessity, have to earn their own livelihood, and one of the most attractive ways of doing so, as well as one in which the competition is not severe, is that of gardening. The Hon. Frances Wolseley has a gardening school at Glynde, Sussex, for the purpose of training those desirous of taking up this vocation

Beginning a Day's Work: A ticklish job for a novice

Every form of gardening can be studied at Glynde: digging, hoeing, treatment of seedlings and greenhouse plants, the care of lawns, paths, and beds, in fact, every branch of the science, for the highest technical skill is required to make gardening a paying concern

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Further Concerning the Open Championship

Pressure of matter caused my Editor to wield the "abhorred shears" and cut out some portions of my article on the Open Championship, which, naturally enough, as the author of their existence, I consider too precious to perish, so I crave the indulgence of my readers for restoring them to life. First and foremost, I want to enlarge upon the method by which the difficulty caused by the numbers of entrants for both Championships may be met and overcome.

A Proposal

This system, which eliminates the obvious difficulty of dealing with a qualifying test of two rounds, with its probability of ties delaying the decision, has been suggested to me by the well-known Tantallon player, Mr. J. R. Gairdner. His idea, with which I heartily agree, is to deal with the Championships on a method analogous to that on which the *News of the World* Tournament is conducted. According to this system, the United Kingdom would be divided into so many sections, each section holding a qualifying scoring test of two or four rounds on a course belonging to one of the clubs of the section, such course being selected annually by delegates of the clubs of the particular section. Each section would then send their four or six top scorers to compete for the Championship, by match play, on the Championship course of the year. By limiting the number of those qualified to play in the tournament proper to thirty-two, and by giving thirty-six holes to each match, the Championship, whether Open or Amateur, would be decided in five days, and the resulting champion would have been tested in both departments of the game.

The irony of fate

"Ain't you comin' out of the wet, sir?"

—Which Might Well be Adopted

Mr. A. L. Paterson, the Captain of the Honourable Company, in his speech at the concluding ceremony of prize presentation, made an eloquent appeal to the Professional Golfers' Association to take this pressing problem into their consideration, and I feel sure that I am voicing the feelings of most golfers when I express the earnest hope that the professionals will respond to this appeal and submit a sound proposal to the consideration of the clubs governing the Open Championship.

A Third English Course for the Championship

I have no doubt that the English professionals will press for the inclusion of a third English course among the Championship greens, and if they do make this request, I think it ought to be granted. Opinion has moved forward a long way since last year, and the experience of Hoylake and Muirfield has done a great deal in accelerating the reform movement. I think, therefore, we may confidently anticipate some change in the conditions of both Championships which will meet the difficulty of keeping away hopeless players without denying them a fair chance, and will restore the two competitions to their normal and proper condition of being a test of Championship play among champion players.

The Excellence of the Arrangements

I gladly seize this opportunity, delayed by circumstances over which I had no control, of recording my sense of the admirable way in which the proceedings at Muirfield were regulated by the captain, Mr. Paterson, the hard-working secretary, Mr. Hugh Patten, and the devoted Committee of the Club, who, in common with a large body of members acting as stewards, worked unceasingly from morning to evening to ensure the success of the meeting and the comfort of competitors. The course was in grand condition, and stood the assault of the finest record-breakers in the world in splendid fashion.

I have only three suggestions to make, namely, that a taller flag should be placed at the eighth hole, that the cross-trench bunker guarding the fifth green should be altered so as to allow a *via media* for a long second, and that the pot-bunker near the green at the thirteenth hole on the left should be filled up.

Most of the players used the Kite ball—the winner, a Spalding red dot; Mr. Graham, an Imperial; and Taylor, a Colonel.

But where was the Haskell? Echo answers, where?

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Foreign Crews at Henley

Why should it be considered such a terrible calamity that a Belgian crew should win the Grand? The foreigner ought not to be regarded as a mere whipping boy, existing only for the purpose of being beaten, and surely the better your opponent is, the more credit in winning the race. Therefore, it is a good thing, in the interest of sport, that foreign crews should sometimes win, and we can sincerely congratulate the Belgians on their victory, and look forward to next year's Henley with increased pleasure.

The Leander Club

The Sport Nautique de Gand may not unfairly say that the first time they have met English crews under equal conditions they have decisively beaten them. Leander have won a monotonous series of victories by taking the cream of the Universities, and so forming what is really an English national crew, which is rather hard on the other tideway clubs, and usually prevents many of the best College crews, which form the principal nursery for oarsmen, from taking part in the regatta. This year, owing to the absence of Leander, a great many Colleges competed, and an unprecedented number of young oarsmen gained experience, to the great advantage of College—and, therefore, of University—rowing. If the Colleges got more practice and coaching, it would not be necessary to get together a national crew in order to beat a foreign or Colonial club; and, although the Leander Club has prevented the Grand Challenge Cup from leaving the country until the present year, it has probably done more harm than good to English rowing.

Leander wins the Stewards' Cup at Henley

Spectators cheering the crew, and especially the veteran stroke, Guy Nickalls, the hero of so many water battles, who has rowed at Henley for twenty years, and stroked six crews to victory for the "Stewards'"

The Battle of the Styles

But by far the most interesting feature of this year's Henley was the victory of the short, fast stroke over the long and slower one which has been traditional in this country ever since the days of Egan and Shadwell. The unorthodox style has been seen here over and over again, but has usually produced very great speed for

Photo] **The Belgian Crew at Henley: Sport Nautique de Gand winning the "Grand"** [*Illustrations Bureau*

For the first time the much-coveted Challenge Cup has been won by a foreigner. The Belgians' victory, however, was complete, for they simply paddled home by at least three lengths over Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The victory is attributed to the Belgians' rowing method, the crew using longer oars, a heavier boat, and employing their arms rather than their weight in pulling

The 'Varsity Match

about a mile, after which its exponents have been exhausted and more or less easily passed by crews which had been left far behind in the earlier part of the race. The Belgians seem to have overcome this difficulty. They used oars with rather wide blades, and rowed a very fast but short stroke, swinging very little either forwards or backwards, and doing most of their work when the oars were approximately square with the riggers. This sounds very much like one of Mr. Fairbairn's reported theories, and it would be interesting to hear his criticisms thereon. Mechanically, there is a great deal to be said for it, for it can easily be demonstrated that when the oar is square with the rigger, the whole of the power is propelling the boat, whereas at the beginning and end of the ordinary English stroke a great deal of it is merely crushing the sides of the boat together or pulling them asunder, and in an old, weak boat the opening and shutting of the sides can actually be felt and seen. But a short stroke must necessarily be a fast one, which most people find very exhausting, principally because of the strain upon the extensor muscles of the arms in getting the hands away. Of course, it is impossible to estimate the real significance of the Belgian victory, because the merits of the English crews are doubtful. Third Trinity were possibly the best, but they had to make a change on the Saturday before the regatta, and the eleventh-hour advent of even a Gibbon would not improve a really good crew. Comparing the recorded times with the apparent state of the stream and wind, one would say that none of the competitors for the Grand were first-rate, and this reasoning is borne out by the fact that in the other events some exceptionally fast times were done, notably in one of the heats for the Goblets on Wednesday, when the Third Trinity pair (Powell and Johnstone) covered the course in a time which has never been beaten, and only once equalled. At the same time, the flow of the stream at Henley changes from hour to hour, and nobody really knows what allowance to make for it, except possibly the lock-keepers at Hambledon and Marsh Locks.

Oxford and Cambridge captains

C. H. Eyre (Cambridge) and W. S. Bird (Oxford). The match resulted in a win for Cambridge by 94 runs. The surprise was the rally by Oxford in their second innings on Saturday, in which a score of 327 atoned for their poor first innings of only 187 against Cambridge's 360

R. A. Young and Keigwin

Who did yeoman service for the Cantabs. Young, who scored 150 in the first and 31 in the second innings, is an old Reptonian, and has played for Sussex. Keigwin (on the right) made 27 in the first and 38 not out in the second

Grand Old Men

It used to be considered that rowing men reached their best at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, and then began to fall off. There have been a good many exceptions to this rule in the past, but it would be difficult to recall any other year in which three men, almost old enough to be grandfathers, have appeared, two of them successfully. The Canadian stroke, Wright, the oldest of all, was the only one who was beaten—not through any weakness on his part. Of the other two, Guy Nickalls in just beating Third Trinity in the Stewards', rowed one of the best races of his life, and Blackstaffe at last succeeded in winning the Diamonds.

Oxford v. Cambridge, at Lord's

A variety of circumstances prevented the 'Varsity match from ever becoming exciting. Even the fine stand made by Oxford in their second innings, and particularly by Martin and Curwen for the last wicket, only served to make people speculate in an unimpassioned manner as to whether Cambridge would win by 100 runs or less; there never seemed to be any chance of their being beaten. M. W. Payne's dashing first innings was something out of the common, but after that the cricket for the most part was very painstaking, very correct, and rather dull. It was the good bowling of Napier and May on the second day that settled Oxford's chances, for although wickets did not fall rapidly, runs did not come rapidly either, and there was nothing in the rate at which they did come, or in the laborious way in which Oxford's comparatively small total was compiled, to cause the Cambridge bowlers any uneasiness, with the result that they kept their form throughout. One cannot help wondering whether, in the face of a total of 360, it would not have been better if some of the Oxford men had tried more heroic methods, and endeavoured to upset their equanimity. Even if they had failed in this, they could not have been much worse off than they were. Cambridge were always thought to be the better side, except for fielding, in which the highest award goes to Oxford.

Cambridge at the Wicket

A Parting Glance at Wimbledon

After F. L. Riseley had beaten S. H. Smith in the final of the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon, and beaten him in a manner which showed that he had gained enormously in accuracy, without having lost any of his Rupert-like dash and brilliancy, a good many people thought that he was going to beat "H. L." He failed, and the match, on the whole, was just the least bit disappointing. But this is often the case when the game resolves itself, as this one did, into a grim struggle to reach the net first. And it was because Doherty went for his man from the start, and kept it up all through, always striving for the attack, and getting it as often as not, even on his opponent's service, that he won. He was helped to some extent by the fact that Riseley's first service was not as deadly as it had hitherto been, and, of course, the further fact that the champion, who stands out, is always the fresher man of the two, must not be forgotten, although on this occasion three days' rest from Single play were given in the course of the nine. At any rate, whether Riseley was the worse for wear or not, there was no question about Doherty's fitness. He was a bit done in the second set, but rallied in the third, and finished very strongly in the fourth, with plenty left in him for a fifth, if it had been wanted. In short, it was a fine victory, and quite as meritorious as that gained over Brookes last year.

Miss Douglass Gets Back Her Own

Perhaps even more meritorious was Miss Douglass' win in the Ladies' Championship, for she had to play through, and did it without losing a set. It shows conclusively that she was not at her best last year, and that if she had been, Miss Sutton would never have beaten her. Her play against Mrs. Sterry was very fine, and against Miss Sutton it was even finer. Her command of the ball, and the judgment she showed in working for the winning ace by gradually driving her opponent more and more out of position, were the most praiseworthy features of a strong all-round game.

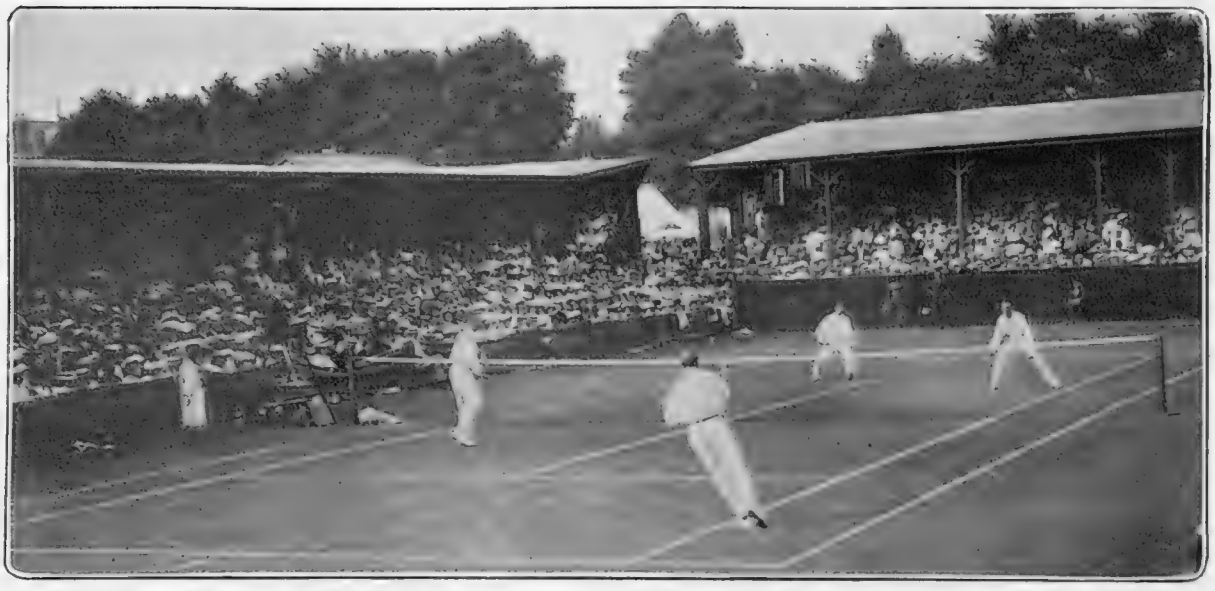
The 'Varsity Match: R. G. Barnes (Oxford) bowling to M. W. Payne (Cambridge)

Payne's dashing first innings (in which he made 64, being at last caught out by Foster) was one of the relieving features of a rather slow match, which resulted in a victory for Cambridge

The Downfall of the "Do's"

The thing that, of course, overshadowed everything else at Wimbledon last week was the defeat of the Dohertys, for although it has happened once before, that was as far back as 1902, and since then, until last Thursday, the brothers have had an unbeaten record in the Championships. It is to Frank Riseley that the credit of the victory almost entirely belongs, for Smith, until the last set, was very uneven and at times quite weak. But Riseley gave one of the most delightful exhibitions of skill, quickness, and daring ever seen on the centre court, and there were plenty of instances in which he played the other two, as it were, single-handed and beat them off his own bat, dashing about the court like

Tennis Championships: Challenge Rounds



Wimbledon Tennis Tournaments: Doubles

The brothers Doherty were beaten for the Championship in the Men's Doubles by Riseley and his partner, Smith. Riseley played a most brilliant game, and made even the Dohertys' play look commonplace, by his magnificent strokes

a streak of lightning, while Smith looked on with stolid approval. How he managed to keep it up for five sets is a mystery; but he did it, and the achievement stamps him as unquestionably the finest Double player of the day. And what of the Dohertys? There were indications at Leicester that they are not as strong as of yore, and these were borne out by Thursday's result. For once in a way, they appeared to be flurried and not to be working together with their customary harmonious precision. Moreover, except on rare occasions, there was little, if any, "devil" in their strokes, and they seldom seemed sure of themselves, often being content to pat back returns off which they might have scored winners. Of the two, "R.F." was the weaker vessel; his service has lost a lot of its pace, and his overhead work was very uncertain. It was owing to his mistakes that Smith and Riseley gained the invaluable service-game lead in the last set, which they never lost. But it was a very fine match all through, and one must not forget the almost paralysing effect of Riseley's net play. He poached as though he were playing a Mixed Double, and seemed able to reach everything, while it was practically useless to attempt to lob him. In a word, it was no disgrace to the Dohertys to lose, and the winners are to be congratulated heartily on gaining a position for which they have striven hard for four years. Their great rivals are by no means done with yet, and, meanwhile, the slight change in the balance of power will add enormously to the interest of next year's Championships.

Wimbledon Tennis Tournaments: Miss Sutton v. Miss Douglass

As was prophesied, Miss Sutton was beaten in the Ladies' Championship by Miss Dolly Douglass, and so once more the lady champion is an English girl. Miss Douglass's placing was superb, and the excitement was so intense that one or two spectators fainted

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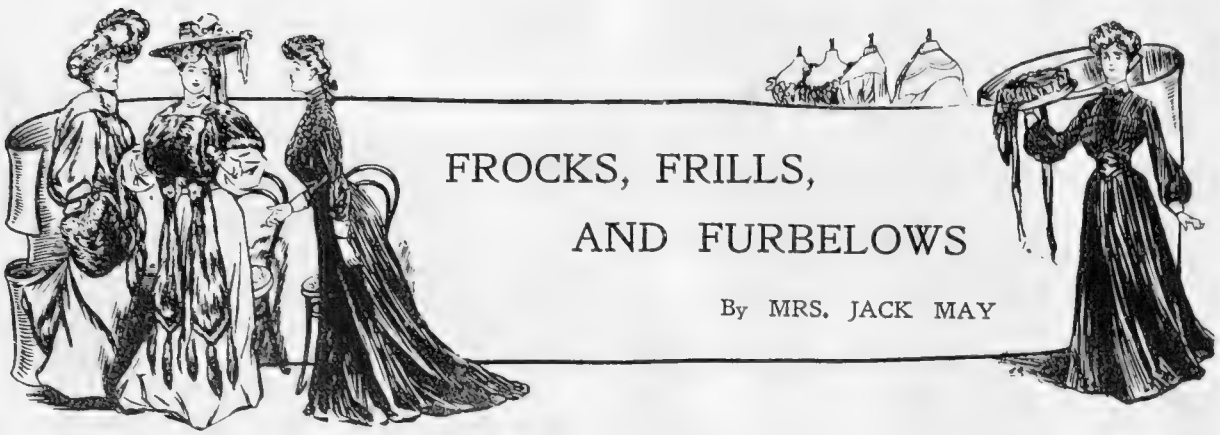


FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

There is an element of deep unrest about the shopping world at present. At every turn one knocks up against, "Unprecedented Bargains," "Desperate Prices," "Sweeping Reductions," and the like catch-sale phrases, and surely, lacking guidance, many must make shipwreck of these sale-ing expeditions. Whereas, on the other hand, provided with a pre-arranged scheme of needs and a clear acceptance of monetary limitations, a pound may be made to go as far as two. There is, of course, never any doubt at all as to the genuineness and excellence of the sales held by

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove

Three weeks amply suffices to clear the surplus stock here, and glancing through the helpfully compiled catalogue, the observing eye cannot fail to be favourably caught by the generous offerings in the silk department, a line of coloured *chiné* silks, ranging in price from 1*s.* 11*d.* to 4*s.* 11*d.* the yard, offering alluring suggestion for blouses and petticoats, very exceptional value also occurring in foulards and printed silks, the season's productions, all whereof are marked down to the uniform price of 2*s.* 3*d.*, or 36*s.* for a dress length of sixteen yards. Nor does the *habituée* ever forget to provide herself with an estimated year's supply of Marshall's noted foundation taffeta, at the sale reduction of 1*s.* 6*d.* the yard.

"The Trouville" is a motoring and travelling wrap, to be had in either cream or navy serge for 75*s.* In every detail of style, cut, material, and finish, is this worth double the sum; and there are, too, some perfectly marvellous little tailor suits—skirts and neat-fitting boleros, for the most part—the style of thing we are all seeking to see us through the approaching holiday jaunts, and available to all purses at 58*s.* 6*d.* and 68*s.* 6*d.* Those earliest on the scenes naturally get the pick of the model gowns and mantles, which are always particularly well preserved here, and consequently worth some little extra enterprise and energy.

The latest millinery revival

A hat of white crin, enhanced by draperies of tulle, and a trail of La France roses with brown foliage

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

Obviously marked at prices — otherwise they would be incredible—to clear, are all the blouses, those delightful lawn slips, set from a finely tucked yoke, back and front, a speciality of the house, being given away at 6*s.* 9*d.*, while the made-up lace and French models really need ocular demonstration ere their significance can be credited. Bouquets of French flowers are only 1*s.* 6*d.*, and the millinery department is making a big feature of country and seaside hats from half a guinea.

Then a highly interesting recent innovation here is "The Rowbward" dress hanger and protector. This comprises a cover or long bag of fine hollandena, fitted at the top with a hanging hook, and an entrance at the base, that is subsequently drawn up, and so effectually screens the garment enclosed from the moth and dust that do corrupt. "The Rowbward" is made in three lengths, 56, 65, and 74 inches, and retailed at prices varying from 5*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* It undoubtedly fills a long-felt want.

Shoolbred's Three Days' Sale

All those who can stand the rush of this unique short and sharp clearance sale at Tottenham House are assured of reaping very extraordinary results. It is wholly impossible to skim off the cream of the

"GOODALLS" MANCHESTER.

THIS OAK-PANELLED DINING ROOM HAS BEEN RECENTLY ERECTED BY "GOODALLS" IN A STYLE THAT CAN BE CARRIED OUT AT A COST WHICH IS VERY MODERATE WHEN CRAFTSMANSHIP IS CONSIDERED.

3 CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

DESIGNS & ESTIMATES SENT ON RECEIPT OF PLANS.

Messrs. GOODALLS have been entrusted with the whole of the Furnishing and Decoration of the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEWCASTLE, in preparation for the ROYAL VISIT to NEWCASTLE to-day, the 11th inst.

A PRIVATE VIEW

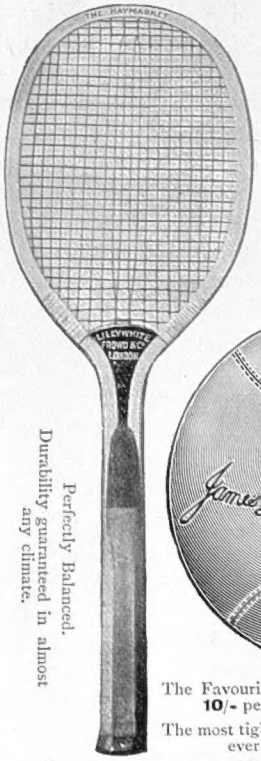
of these apartments will take place from July 13th to 17th, both days inclusive. Admission will be by TICKET ONLY, which can be obtained, free of charge, upon application to Messrs. Goodalls, as above.

As only a very limited number of invitations can be issued, immediate application is essential to avoid disappointment.

LILLYWHITE'S

The Leading Sports Outfitters.

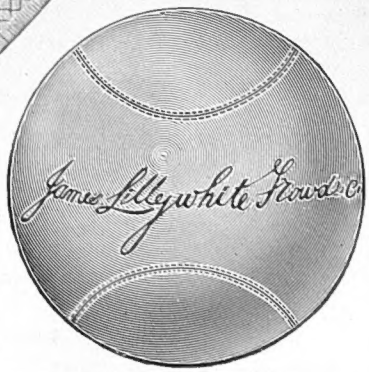
TENNIS, CRICKET, CROQUET, GOLF, etc., etc.



Be sure you have the "Lillywhite" Perfection Tournament Tennis Ball. It is the most resilient and durable ball made.

A Perfect Combination:

THE "HAYMARKET" RACKET and THE "L.P.T." TENNIS BALL.



Perfectly Balanced. Durability guaranteed in almost any climate.

The Favourite Tournament Ball, 11/- per doz. 10/- per doz. in 12 doz. quantities.

The most tightly strung and best finished Racket ever produced. Each 22/6

24, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

WOMEN

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MEN nen

THE REASON WHY!

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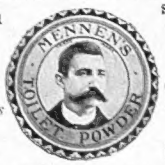
Excellent for Sunburn, Rashes, Chafing, and Sore Feet.

MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER

Avoid Substitutes.

1/- *Of all Chemists*



1/- *Of all Stores*

THIS FACE ON EVERY BOX.

FREE SAMPLE *From* LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., 11, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

bargains the first day, although first-comers naturally have the greater chance in this direction, while on the third and last the remaining stock practically goes for anything it will fetch.

Now here are a few of the tit-bits. In the cos umes, look out for the tailor-made skirts at 16*s.* 9*d.* These are built up of 4*s.* a yard tweeds, and would be worthy value at 31*s.* 6*d.* Costumes commence at 31*s.* 6*d.*, a very special tailor line coming out at two and half guineas.

In the outfitting there is a really exceptional tea-gown of accordion silk, trimmed lace, only 35*s.* 6*d.*, and a useful washing dressing-gown for immediate holiday service at 2*s.* 11*d.* All lingerie in the very slightest degree shop-soiled is marked incredibly low, as, for example, washing underskirts, ornamented with lace, will go at 3*s.* 11*d.* The mantle *salon* contains a run of cream serge coats at 13*s.* 6*d.*; another quality, with double-breasted fronts, representing the best tailoring work procurable, being cleared at one guinea. Among the laces I can, with all confidence, urge consideration of a white washing embroidered robe at 19*s.* 6*d.* This is an amazingly generous offer. All the long, and still enormously worn, scarves are being swept away, those of silk *crêpe* at 5*s.* 6*d.*, painted chiffon at 4*s.*, and lace fancies coming out at 2*s.* 6*d.*

With parasols, as the sorrowing head of that department remarked, it is simply slaughter. The early part of the year was wholly antagonistic to such purchases, and Shoolbred always holds a stock of exceptional magnitude, hence the amazing bargains. One guinea is the top price for confections obviously originally fetching five and six guineas. *En tout cas* make a start at 5*s.* 6*d.*, and umbrellas with silk covers at 10*s.* 6*d.* So note especially the dates, July 16, 17, and 18. And it goes without saying that the issue of a catalogue is impossible.

A blouse of sale remnants

Of rose-coloured Shantung silk and broad insertions of *filet* lace

(*Drawn by K. Pleidel Young*)

An Impression

First impressions, no matter to whom they belong, are usually worthy of record, are they not? So, perhaps, I may be forgiven for airing mine, in connection with a Dog Show—the one held at Horsham on the 5th—when I experienced, together with a small person in a sun-bonnet, for the first time, the sensation of an exhibitor. From the moment we passed the searching eye of the Vet. at the entrance, to the moment when, hot, weary, but elated, we disbursed a small sum to take the triumphant winner of a First and Second away before the scheduled time, it was all dogs and doggy topics.

Ye Fates! the earnestness of new foods and disinfectants, and the rapt attention of ladies with brushes and combs, all intent on the adornment of their canine speciality. And how curiously characteristic are owners of their dogs. There is no mistaking, for example, the aggressively tailor-made woman, owner of fighting Irish and other terrier breeds. They—the owners—are, invariably hard-featured and tight-mouthed, and revel in the wear of atrocious stuff hats. The possessors of Dachshunds are apt to grow a little grotesque, and are disposed to witticism, while a very typical instance of how character is foreshadowed by this pursuit of dogs is found in a large, liberal-minded woman, who, on the one hand, specialises in bloodhounds, and then runs right to the other end of the stick with her Pekinese. Almost with your eyes shut, you may know the daintily clad, muslin creature has a *penchant* for miniature black and tans, and the mercantile man is immediately observable by his breed of greyhounds, which he shows in the summer and courses with in the winter. But, dear me! the subject teams with interesting speculation and observation. And I would, in conclusion, fain say a word in favour of the Dog Times Children's Brigade. This is a recent departure that deserves the best encouragement, as it helps to inculcate the love of dumb animals in children, through the enjoyable medium of shows and prizes, and generally emulative measures.

My illustrations this week are of the latest millinery revival and a blouse of sale remnants. The first is a hat of white crin, enhanced by draperies of tulle and a trail of roses with brown foliage, while the chief component parts of the latter are rose-coloured Shantung silk and broad insertions of *filet* lace.

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BREEZY EAST COAST
BY THE
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY
FAST TRAINS. CHEAP TICKETS.
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FOR YOUR
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ABUNDANT Amusement. BRACING BREEZES.
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When prepared it forms a dainty and delicious cream, highly nutritive and entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. Infants thrive on it and delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

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A Woman's Note Book

Holidays: When the Smart Set Reforms

Whatever may be said of the Smart Set and their sins during the frivolity of the season, the time is coming when this same set, or, at least, a large part of it, repents and mends its ways, at any rate for a brief span. It is so easy to be good when tired out at the end of July; rural delights begin then to appeal strongly. There is a positive invitation to virtue in the air after London has become heavy with weeks of hot suns, when hayfields offer a peaceful refuge from the less attractive scent of motor omnibuses, and sea breezes suggest themselves as a happy alternative to airless town and scorching pavement. And the Smart Set revel in contrast. In the matter of holidays, it has become so much "the thing," that almost out of conventionality they must be unconventional. The more unlike the ordinary life a holiday is, the better the holiday-maker thinks it, and the greater is the admiration of his friends. If he could concoct something hitherto unattempted, he would be accounted a genius. So it follows that the "badder" he has been, the better he becomes; and even those who have not been at all out of the way bad, still grow in virtue.

When Away, Avoid Novels

I wonder what are the best books to take away for a holiday? The public has always inclined to novels, but I cannot say I agree with them, unless such novels be at once light, clever, amusing, and, perhaps, mildly pathetic; but these combined qualities are very difficult to find. It is asserted that novels do not exert the brain like more serious works. That is sheer nonsense, for not only do they hurl us through a variety of emotions, which may be tragic, sensational, or even heartrending, and most disturbing to our holiday mood, but with stiffer works our minds are only asked to digest *morsels* at once, though when it comes to a mere tale, we are expected to swallow the contents in huge doses. On the whole, I think the most satisfactory books for holiday times are light poetry, easy essays, and short stories—just enough to keep one's intelligence alive without worrying it. Short stories, of course, should be carefully selected, since they may be just as heartrending as long ones, and it would be disturbing, indeed, to find oneself on the beach on a peaceful sunny morning with, we will say, Balzac's short tales for companions. As to essays and poetry, those that are most likely to agree with one's individual taste and the surroundings will be found the best, and there are always plenty to select from.

The Lamentable Library

Some people have a very silly habit: they do not take *any* books away with them, but if they are going to a place which professes to be a town, however small, depend instead upon that lamentable institution, the circulating library; and they are bound to be unhappy in consequence. For the library, never brilliant in supplying wants, cannot stand this sudden strain upon its resources. If it does happen to have just one new book that everybody wants to read, its prices for borrowing this are apt to be extortionate, while the space of time allowed for reading necessitates sitting up at night to get the tale finished.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU: SUMMER LUNCHEONS

I.

Fried Soles.
Chicken Mayonnaise. Salad.
Stewed Black Currants and Junket.
Macaroni à l'Italienne.

II.

Cold Salmon and Cucumber.
Braised Mutton or Lamb Cutlets.
Iced Venice Pudding.
Camembert Cheese.

III.

Lobster Cutlets.
Fillet de Bœuf. Peas.
Fruit Salad.
Savoury Vermicelli.

Braised Mutton or Lamb Cutlets

This is a French recipe. Wash and scrape a large carrot, peel a medium-sized turnip and onion. Chop these into very small dice, fry them in butter until quite tender, adding a little chopped parsley, and salt and pepper. Trim six or eight cutlets from the best end of a neck of mutton or lamb, not forgetting to scrape each bone, and put them in a hot frying-pan, without fat of any kind, and brown them to a nice colour on both sides. Now line a deep casserole dish with the fried vegetables, arrange the cutlets on these, and pour over about three-quarters of a pint of gravy. Cover the pan closely, and cook them in the oven about half an hour. Fill the centre of the dish, in which they are to be sent to table, with boiled rice, green peas, French beans, heaped up in the form of a high pyramid, arrange the cutlets on it, and having strained and thickened the gravy, colouring it to a rich brown with Parisian essence, pour it over the vegetables and round the cutlets in the dish, garnishing the whole with sprigs of parsley. Serve hot.

Iced Venice Pudding

Yolks of four eggs, ½ oz. gelatine, four sponge cakes, some preserve, 2 oz. of sweetmeats, and sufficient sherry to soak the cake. Make a custard with the yolks of the eggs and gelatine. Ornament the bottom of a mould with sweetmeats according to taste. Pour a little of the custard into the mould, then add sponge cakes soaked in sherry, the preserve, and fill up with the custard. Put it in a cool place, or ice it.

Lobster Cutlets

Chop the meat of a lobster fine, season with pepper, salt, and cayenne. Mix with this one quarter as much fine breadcrumbs as you have meat, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Roll it out on a floured board, cut it into cutlets, roll them in egg and breadcrumbs, stick a small piece of lobster claw in each to represent the bone, fry in boiling fat and garnish with fried parsley.

Savoury Vermicelli

Boil one pint of milk; when boiled, put in three tablespoonfuls of vermicelli. Let it simmer for five minutes, then add three eggs; beat up all together with a gill of cream, salt, white pepper, and a small onion or shallot. Butter a mould and stick it all over with small, neatly cut pieces of ham and tongue. Pour in the mixture, bake it, and serve it, when turned out, with gravy or tomato sauce.

EMILIA.